NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

No. DCXII.

APRIL 5, 1907.

CHAPTERS FROM MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY.—XV.*

BY MARK TWAIN.

PREFATORY NOTE.—Mr. Clemens began to write his autobiography many years ago, and he continues to add to it day by day. It was his original intention to permit no publication of his memoirs until after his death; but, after leaving "Pier No. 70," he concluded that a considerable portion might now suitably be given to the public. It is that portion, garnered from the quarter-million of words already written, which will appear in this REVIEW during the coming year. No part of the autobiography will be published in book form during the lifetime of the author.—EDITOR N. A. R.

[*Dictated October 8, 1906.*]

From Susy's Biography of Me.

Papa says that if the collera comes here he will take Sour Mash to the mountains.

This remark about the cat is followed by various entries, covering a month, in which Jean, General Grant, the sculptor Ger-
(1885.) hardt, Mrs. Candace Wheeler, Miss Dora Wheeler, Mr. Frank Stockton, Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, and the widow of General Custer appear and drift in procession across the page, then vanish forever from the Biography; then Susy drops this remark in the wake of the vanished procession:

*Copyright, 1906, by HARPER & BROTHERS. All Rights Reserved.

Copyright 1907, by THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW PUBLISHING COMPANY. All Rights Reserved.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sour Mash is a constant source of anxiety, care, and pleasure to papa.

I did, in truth, think a great deal of that old tortoise-shell harlot; but I haven't a doubt that in order to impress Susy I was pretending agonies of solicitude which I didn't honestly feel. Sour Mash never gave me any real anxiety; she was always able to take care of herself, and she was ostentatiously vain of the fact; vain of it to a degree which often made me ashamed of her, much as I esteemed her.

Many persons would like to have the society of cats during the summer vacation in the country, but they deny themselves this pleasure because they think they must either take the cats along when they return to the city, where they would be a trouble and an encumbrance, or leave them in the country, houseless and homeless. These people have no ingenuity, no invention, no wisdom; or it would occur to them to do as I do: rent cats by the month for the summer and return them to their good homes at the end of it. Early last May I rented a kitten of a farmer's wife, by the month; then I got a discount by taking three. They have been good company for about five months now, and are still kittens—at least they have not grown much, and to all intents and purposes are still kittens, and as full of romping energy and enthusiasm as they were in the beginning. This is remarkable. I am an expert in cats, but I have not seen a kitten keep its kittenhood nearly so long before.

These are beautiful creatures—these triplets. Two of them wear the blackest and shiniest and thickest of sealskin vestments all over their bodies except the lower half of their faces and the terminations of their paws. The black masks reach down below the eyes, therefore when the eyes are closed they are not visible; the rest of the face, and the gloves and stockings, are snow white. These markings are just the same on both cats—so exactly the same that when you call one the other is likely to answer, because they cannot tell each other apart. Since the cats are precisely alike, and can't be told apart by any of us, they do not need two names, so they have but one between them. We call both of them Sackcloth, and we call the gray one Ashes. I believe I have never seen such intelligent cats as these before. They are full of the nicest discriminations. When I read German aloud they weep; you can see the tears run down. It shows what pathos there is in the German tongue. I had not noticed before

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that all German is pathetic, no matter what the subject is nor how it is treated. It was these humble observers that brought the knowledge to me. I have tried all kinds of German on these cats; romance, poetry, philosophy, theology, market reports; and the result has always been the same—the cats sob, and let the tears run down, which shows that all German is pathetic. French is not a familiar tongue to me, and the pronunciation is difficult, and comes out of me encumbered with a Missouri accent; but the cats like it, and when I make impassioned speeches in that language they sit in a row and put up their paws, palm to palm, and frantically give thanks. Hardly any cats are affected by music, but these are; when I sing they go reverently away, showing how deeply they feel it. Sour Mash never cared for these things. She had many noble qualities, but at bottom she was not refined, and cared little or nothing for theology and the arts.

It is a pity to say it, but these cats are not above the grade of human beings, for I know by certain signs that they are not sincere in their exhibitions of emotion, but exhibit them merely to show off and attract attention—conduct which is distinctly human, yet with a difference: they do not know enough to conceal their desire to show off, but the grown human being does. What is ambition? It is only the desire to be conspicuous. The desire for fame is only the desire to be continuously conspicuous and attract attention and be talked about.

These cats are like human beings in another way: when Ashes began to work his fictitious emotions, and show off, the other members of the firm followed suit, in order to be in the fashion. That is the way with human beings; they are afraid to be outside; whatever the fashion happens to be, they conform to it, whether it be a pleasant fashion or the reverse, they lacking the courage to ignore it and go their own way. All human beings would like to dress in loose and comfortable and highly colored and showy garments, and they had their desire until a century ago, when a king, or some other influential ass, introduced sombre hues and discomfort and ugly designs into masculine clothing. The meek public surrendered to the outrage, and by consequence we are in that odious captivity to-day, and are likely to remain in it for a long time to come.

Fortunately the women were not included in the disaster, and so their graces and their beauty still have the enhancing help

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of delicate fabrics and varied and beautiful colors. Their clothing makes a great opera audience an enchanting spectacle, a delight to the eye and the spirit, a Garden of Eden for charm and color. The men, clothed in dismal black, are scattered here and there and everywhere over the Garden, like so many charred stumps, and they damage the effect, but cannot annihilate it.

In summer we poor creatures have a respite, and may clothe ourselves in white garments; loose, soft, and in some degree shapely; but in the winter—the sombre winter, the depressing winter, the cheerless winter, when white clothes and bright colors are especially needed to brighten our spirits and lift them up—we all conform to the prevailing insanity, and go about in dreary black, each man doing it because the others do it, and not because he wants to. They are really no sincerer than Sackcloth and Ashes. At bottom the Sackcloths do not care to exhibit their emotions when I am performing before them, they only do it because Ashes started it.

I would like to dress in a loose and flowing costume made all of silks and velvets, resplendent with all the stunning dyes of the rainbow, and so would every sane man I have ever known; but none of us dares to venture it. There is such a thing as carrying conspicuousness to the point of discomfort; and if I should appear on Fifth Avenue on a Sunday morning, at church-time, clothed as I would like to be clothed, the churches would be vacant, and I should have all the congregations tagging after me, to look, and secretly envy, and publicly scoff. It is the way human beings are made; they are always keeping their real feelings shut up inside, and publicly exploiting their fictitious ones.

Next after fine colors, I like plain white. One of my sorrows, when the summer ends, is that I must put off my cheery and comfortable white clothes and enter for the winter into the depressing captivity of the shapeless and degrading black ones. It is mid-October now, and the weather is growing cold up here in the New Hampshire hills, but it will not succeed in freezing me out of these white garments, for here the neighbors are few, and it is only of crowds that I am afraid. I made a brave experiment, the other night, to see how it would feel to shock a crowd with these unseasonable clothes, and also to see how long it might take the crowd to reconcile itself to them and stop looking astonished and outraged. On a stormy evening I made a talk before a full

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

house, in the village, clothed like a ghost, and looking as conspicuously, all solitary and alone on that platform, as any ghost could have looked; and I found, to my gratification, that it took the house less than ten minutes to forget about the ghost and give its attention to the tidings I had brought.

I am nearly seventy-one, and I recognize that my age has given me a good many privileges; valuable privileges; privileges which are not granted to younger persons. Little by little I hope to get together courage enough to wear white clothes all through the winter, in New York. It will be a great satisfaction to me to show off in this way; and perhaps the largest of all the satisfactions will be the knowledge that every scoffer, of my sex, will secretly envy me and wish he dared to follow my lead.

That mention that I have acquired new and great privileges by grace of my age, is not an uncalculated remark. When I passed the seventieth mile-stone, ten months ago, I instantly realized that I had entered a new country and a new atmosphere. To all the public I was become recognizably old, undeniably old; and from that moment everybody assumed a new attitude toward me—the reverent attitude granted by custom to age—and straightway the stream of generous new privileges began to flow in upon me and refresh my life. Since then, I have lived an ideal existence; and I now believe what Choate said last March, and which at the time I didn't credit: that the best of life begins at seventy; for then your work is done; you know that you have done your best, let the quality of the work be what it may; that you have earned your holiday—a holiday of peace and contentment—and that thenceforth, to the setting of your sun, nothing will break it, nothing interrupt it.

[*Dictated January 22, 1907.*] In an earlier chapter I inserted some verses beginning "Love Came at Dawn" which had been found among Susy's papers after her death. I was not able to say that they were hers, but I judged that they might be, for the reason that she had not enclosed them in quotation marks according to her habit when storing up treasures gathered from other people. Stedman was not able to determine the authorship for me, as the verses were new to him, but the authorship has now been traced. The verses were written by William Wilfred Campbell, a Canadian poet, and they form a part of the contents of his book called "Beyond the Hills of Dream."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The authorship of the beautiful lines which my wife and I inscribed upon Susy's gravestone was untraceable for a time. We had found them in a book in India, but had lost the book and with it the author's name. But in time an application to the editor of "Notes and Queries" furnished me the author's name,* and it has been added to the verses upon the gravestone.

Last night, at a dinner-party where I was present, Mr. Peter Dunne Dooley handed to the host several dollars, in satisfaction of a lost bet. I seemed to see an opportunity to better my condition, and I invited Dooley, apparently disinterestedly, to come to my house Friday and play billiards. He accepted, and I judge that there is going to be a deficit in the Dooley treasury as a result. In great qualities of the heart and brain, Dooley is gifted beyond all propriety. He is brilliant; he is an expert with his pen, and he easily stands at the head of all the satirists of this generation—but he is going to walk in darkness Friday afternoon. It will be a fraternal kindness to teach him that with all his light and culture, he does not know all the valuable things; and it will also be a fraternal kindness to him to complete his education for him—and I shall do this on Friday, and send him home in that perfected condition.

I possess a billiard secret which can be valuable to the Dooley sept, after I shall have conferred it upon Dooley—for a consideration. It is a discovery which I made by accident, thirty-eight years ago, in my father-in-law's house in Elmira. There was a scarred and battered and ancient billiard-table in the garret, and along with it a peck of checked and chipped balls, and a rackful of crooked and headless cues. I played solitaire up there every day with that difficult outfit. The table was not level, but slanted sharply to the southeast; there wasn't a ball that was round, or would complete the journey you started it on, but would always get tired and stop half-way and settle, with a jolty wabble, to a standstill on its chipped side. I tried making counts with four balls, but found it difficult and discouraging, so I added a fifth ball, then a sixth, then a seventh, and kept on adding until at last I had twelve balls on the table and a thirteenth to play with. My game was caroms—caroms solely—caroms plain, or caroms with cushion to help—anything that could furnish a count. In the course of time I found to my astonishment that I was never

* Robert Richardson, deceased, of Australia.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

able to run fifteen, under any circumstances. By huddling the balls advantageously in the beginning, I could now and then coax fourteen out of them, but I couldn't reach fifteen by either luck or skill. Sometimes the balls would get scattered into difficult positions and defeat me in that way; sometimes if I managed to keep them together, I would freeze; and always when I froze, and had to play away from the contact, there was sure to be nothing to play at but a wide and uninhabited vacancy.

One day Mr. Dalton called on my brother-in-law, on a matter of business, and I was asked if I could entertain him awhile, until my brother-in-law should finish an engagement with another gentleman. I said I could, and took him up to the billiard-table. I had played with him many times at the club, and knew that he could play billiards tolerably well—only tolerably well—but not any better than I could. He and I were just a match. He didn't know our table; he didn't know those balls; he didn't know those warped and headless cues; he didn't know the south-eastern slant of the table, and how to allow for it. I judged it would be safe and profitable to offer him a bet on my scheme. I emptied the avalanche of thirteen balls on the table and said:

"Take a ball and begin, Mr. Dalton. How many can you run with an outlay like that?"

He said, with the half-affronted air of a mathematician who has been asked how much of the multiplication table he can recite without a break:

"I suppose a million—eight hundred thousand, anyway."

I said "You shall have the privilege of placing the balls to suit yourself, and I want to bet you a dollar that you can't run fifteen."

I will not dwell upon the sequel. At the end of an hour his face was red, and wet with perspiration; his outer garments lay scattered here and there over the place; he was the angriest man in the State, and there wasn't a rag or remnant of an injurious adjective left in him anywhere—and I had all his small change.

When the summer was over, we went home to Hartford, and one day Mr. George Robertson arrived from Boston with two or three hours to spare between then and the return train, and as he was a young gentleman to whom we were in debt for much social pleasure, it was my duty, and a welcome duty, to make his two or three hours interesting for him. So I took him up-stairs

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and set up my billiard scheme for his comfort. Mine was a good table, in perfect repair; the cues were in perfect condition; the balls were ivory, and flawless—but I knew that Mr. Robertson was my prey, just the same, for by exhaustive tests with this outfit I had found that my limit was thirty-one. I had proved to my satisfaction that whereas I could not fairly expect to get more than six or eight or a dozen caroms out of a run, I could now and then reach twenty and twenty-five, and after a long procession of failures finally achieve a run of thirty-one; but in no case had I ever got beyond thirty-one. Robertson's game, as I knew, was a little better than mine, so I resolved to require him to make thirty-two. I believed it would entertain him. He was one of these brisk and hearty and cheery and self-satisfied young fellows who are brimful of confidence, and who plunge with grateful eagerness into any enterprise that offers a showy test of their abilities. I emptied the balls on the table and said,

"Take a cue and a ball, George, and begin. How many caroms do you think you can make out of that layout?"

He laughed the laugh of the gay and the care-free, as became his youth and inexperience, and said,

"I can punch caroms out of that bunch a week without a break."

I said "Place the balls to suit yourself, and begin."

Confidence is a necessary thing in billiards, but overconfidence is bad. George went at his task with much too much lightsomeness of spirit and disrespect for the situation. On his first shot he scored three caroms; on his second shot he scored four caroms; and on his third shot he missed as simple a carom as could be devised. He was very much astonished, and said he would not have supposed that careful play could be needed with an acre of bunched balls in front of a person.

He began again, and played more carefully, but still with too much lightsomeness; he couldn't seem to learn to take the situation seriously. He made about a dozen caroms and broke down. He was irritated with himself now, and he thought he caught me laughing. He didn't. I do not laugh publicly at my client when this game is going on; I only do it inside—or save it for after the exhibition is over. But he thought he had caught me laughing, and it increased his irritation. Of course I knew he thought I was laughing privately—for I was experienced; they all

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

think that, and it has a good effect; it sharpens their annoyance and debilitates their play.

He made another trial and failed. Once more he was astonished; once more he was humiliated—and as for his anger, it rose to summer-heat. He arranged the balls again, grouping them carefully, and said he would win this time, or die. When a client reaches this condition, it is a good time to damage his nerve further, and this can always be done by saying some little mocking thing or other that has the outside appearance of a friendly remark—so I employed this art. I suggested that a bet might tauten his nerves, and that I would offer one, but that as I did not want it to be an expense to him, but only a help, I would make it small—a cigar, if he were willing—a cigar that he would fail again; not an expensive one, but a cheap native one, of the Crown Jewel breed, such as is manufactured in Hartford for the clergy. It set him afire all over! I could see the blue flame issue from his eyes. He said,

"Make it a hundred!—and no Connecticut cabbage-leaf product, but Havana, $25 the box!"

I took him up, but said I was sorry to see him do this, because it did not seem to me right or fair for me to rob him under our own roof, when he had been so kind to us. He said, with energy and acrimony:

"You take care of your own pocket, if you'll be so good, and leave me to take care of mine."

And he plunged at the congress of balls with a vindictiveness which was infinitely contenting to me. He scored a failure—and began to undress. I knew it would come to that, for he was in the condition now that Mr. Dooley will be in at about that stage of the contest on Friday afternoon. A clothes-rack will be provided for Mr. Dooley to hang his things on as fast as he shall from time to time shed them. George raised his voice four degrees and flung out the challenge—

"Double or quits!"

"Done," I responded, in the gentle and compassionate voice of one who is apparently getting sorrier and sorrier.

There was an hour and a half of straight disaster after that, and if it was a sin to enjoy it, it is no matter—I did enjoy it. It is half a lifetime ago, but I enjoy it yet, every time I think of it. George made failure after failure. His fury increased with each

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

failure as he scored it. With each defeat he flung off one or another rag of his raiment, and every time he started on a fresh inning he made it "double or quits" once more. Twice he reached thirty and broke down; once he reached thirty-one and broke down. These "nears" made him frantic, and I believe I was never so happy in my life, except the time, a few years later, when the Rev. J. H. Twichell and I walked to Boston and he had the celebrated conversation with the hostler at the Inn at Ashford, Connecticut.

At last, when we were notified that Patrick was at the door to drive him to his train, George owed me five thousand cigars at twenty-five cents apiece, and I was so sorry I could have hugged him. But he shouted,

"Give me ten minutes more!" and added stormily, "it's double or quits again, and I'll win out free of debt or owe you ten thousand cigars, and you'll pay the funeral expenses."

He began on his final effort, and I believe that in all my experience among both amateurs and experts, I have never seen a cue so carefully handled in my lifetime as George handled his upon this intensely interesting occasion. He got safely up to twenty-five, and then ceased to breathe. So did I. He labored along, and added a point, another point, still another point, and finally reached thirty-one. He stopped there, and we took a breath. By this time the balls were scattered all down the cushions, about a foot or two apart, and there wasn't a shot in sight anywhere that any man might hope to make. In a burst of anger and confessed defeat, he sent his ball flying around the table at random, and it crotched a ball that was packed against the cushion and sprang across to a ball against the bank on the opposite side, and counted!

His luck had set him free, and he didn't owe me anything. He had used up all his spare time, but we carried his clothes to the carriage, and he dressed on his way to the station, greatly wondered at and admired by the ladies, as he drove along—but he got his train.

I am very fond of Mr. Dooley, and shall await his coming with affectionate and pecuniary interest.

P.S. Saturday. He has been here. Let us not talk about it.

MARK TWAIN.

(To be Continued.)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PATRIOTISM AND HOLIDAY OBSERVANCE.*

BY GROVER CLEVELAND, FORMERLY PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

THE American people are but little given to the observance of public holidays. This statement cannot be disposed of by the allegation that our national history is too brief to allow the accumulation of days deserving civic commemoration. Though it is true that our life as a people, according to the standard measuring the existence of nations, has been a short one, it has been filled with glorious achievements; and, though it must be conceded that it is not given to us to see in the magnifying mirage of antiquity the exaggerated forms of American heroes, yet in the bright and normal light shed upon our beginning and growth are seen grand and heroic men who have won imperishable honor, and deserve our everlasting remembrance. We cannot, therefore, excuse a lack of commemorative inclination and a languid interest in recalling the notable incidents of our country's past under the plea of a lack of commemorative material; nor can we in this way explain our neglect adequately to observe days which have actually been set apart for the especial manifestation of our loving appreciation of the lives and the deeds of Americans who, in crises of our birth and development, have sublimely wrought and nobly endured.

If we are inclined to look for other excuses, one may occur to us which, though by no means satisfying, may appear to gain a somewhat fanciful plausibility by reason of its reference to the law of heredity. It rests upon the theory that those who secured for American nationality its first foothold, and watched over its weak infancy, were so engrossed with the persistent and unescapable labors that pressed upon them, and that their hopes and

* An address delivered at the Union League Club of Chicago, on Washington's Birthday, February 22nd, 1907.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

aspirations led them so constantly to thoughts of the future that retrospection nearly became with them an extinct faculty, and that thus it may have happened that exclusive absorption in things pertaining to the present and future became so embedded in their natures as to constitute a trait of character descendible to their posterity, even to the present generation. The toleration of this theory leads to the suggestion that an inheritance of disposition has made it difficult for the generation of to-day to resist the temptation inordinately to strive for immediate material advantages, to the exclusion of the wholesome sentiment that recalls the high achievements and noble lives which have illumined our national career. Some support is given to this suggestion by the concession, which we cannot escape, that there is abroad in our land an inclination to use to the point of abuse the opportunities of personal betterment, given under a scheme of rule which permits the greatest individual liberty, and interposes the least hindrance to individual acquisition; and that in the pursuit of this we are apt to carry in our minds, if not upon our lips, the legend: "Things done are won; joy's soul lies in the doing." But the question is whether all this accounts for our indifference to the proper observance of public holidays which deserve observance.

There is another reason which might be advanced in mitigation of our lack of commemorative enthusiasm, which is so related to our pride of Americanism that, if we could be certain of its sufficiency, we would gladly accept it as conclusive. It has to do with the underlying qualities and motives of our free institutions. Those institutions had their birth and nurture in unselfish patriotism and unreserved consecration; and, by a decree of Fate beyond recall or change, their perpetuity and beneficence are conditioned on the constant devotion and single-hearted loyalty of those to whom their blessings are vouchsafed. It would be a joy if we could know that all the bright incidents in our history were so much in the expected order of events, and that patriotism and loving service are so familiar in our present surroundings, and so clear in their manifestation, as to dull the edge of their especial commendation. If the utmost of patriotism and unselfish devotion in the promotion of our national interests have always been and still remain universal, there would hardly be need of their commemoration.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But, after all, why should we attempt to delude ourselves? I am confident that I voice your convictions when I say that no play of ingenuity and no amount of special pleading can frame an absolutely creditable excuse for our remissness in appropriate holiday observance.

You will notice that I use the words "holiday observance." I have not in mind merely the selection or appointment of days which have been thought worthy of celebration. Such an appointment or selection is easy, and very frequently it is the outcome of a perfunctory concession to apparent propriety, or of a transient movement of affectionate sentiment. But I speak of the observance of holidays, and such holidays as not only have a substantial right to exist, but which ought to have a lasting hold upon the sentiment of our people—days which, as often as they recur, should stimulate in the hearts of our countrymen a grateful recognition of what God has done for mankind, and especially for the American nation, days which stir our consciences and sensibilities with promptings to unselfish and unadulterated love of country, days which warm and invigorate our devotion to the supreme ideals which gave life to our institutions and their only protection against death and decay. I speak of holidays which demand observance by our people in spirit and in truth.

The commemoration of the day on which American independence was born has been allowed to lose much of its significance as a reminder of Providential favor and of the inflexible patriotism of the fathers of the Republic, and has nearly degenerated into a revel of senseless noise and dangerous explosion, leaving in its train far more of mishap and accident than lessons of good citizenship or pride of country. The observance of Thanksgiving Day is kept alive through its annual designation by Federal and State authority. But it is worth our while to inquire whether its original meaning, as a day of united praise and gratitude to God for the blessings bestowed upon us as a people and as individuals is not smothered in feasting and social indulgence. We, in common with Christian nations everywhere, celebrate Christmas—but how much less as a day commemorating the birth of the Redeemer of mankind, than as a day of hilarity and the interchange of gifts.

I will not, without decided protest, be accused of antagonizing or deprecating light-hearted mirth and jollity. On the contrary,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I am an earnest advocate of every kind of sane, decent, social enjoyment, and all sorts of recreation. But, nevertheless, I feel that the allowance of an incongruous possession by them of our commemorative days is evidence of a certain condition, and is symptomatic of a popular tendency, which are by no means reassuring.

On the day these words are written, a prominent and widely read newspaper contains a communication in regard to the observance of the birthday of the late President McKinley. Its tone plainly indicates that the patriotic society which has for its primary purpose the promotion of this particular commemoration recognizes the need of a revival of interest in the observance of all other memorial days, and it announces that "its broader object is to instil into the hearts and minds of the people a desire for real patriotic observance of all of our national days."

Beyond all doubt, the commemorations of the birth of American heroes and statesmen who have rendered redemptive service to their country in emergencies of peace and war should be rescued from entire neglect, and from fitful and dislocated remembrance. And, while it would be more gratifying to be assured that throughout our country there was such a spontaneous appreciation of this need, that in no part of our domain would there be a necessity of urging such commemorations by self-constituted organizations, yet it is comforting to know that, in the midst of prevailing apathy, there are those among us who have determined that the memory of the events and lives we should commemorate shall not be smothered in the dust and smoke of sordidness, nor crushed out by ruthless materialism.

On this day, the Union League Club of Chicago should especially rejoice in the consciousness of patriotic accomplishment; and on this day, of all others, every one of its members should regard his membership as a badge of honor. Whatever else the organization may have done, it has justified its existence, and earned the applause of those whose love of country is still unclouded, by the work it has done for the deliverance of Washington's Birthday from neglect or indolent remembrance. I deem it a great privilege to be allowed to participate with the League in a commemoration so exactly designed, not only to remind those of mature years of the duty exacted by their heirship in American free institutions, but to teach children the inestimable value of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

those institutions, to inspire them to emulation of the virtues in which our nation had its birth, and to lead them to know the nobility of patriotic citizenship. The palpable and immediate good growing out of the commemorations which, for twenty years, have occurred under the auspices of the League are less impressive than the assurance that, in generations yet to come, the seed thus sown in the hearts of children and youth will bear the fruit of disinterested love of country and saving steadfastness to our national mission.

In furtherance of the high endeavor of your organization, it would have been impossible to select for observance any other civic holiday having as broad and fitting a significance as this. It memorizes the birth of one whose glorious deeds are transcendently above all others recorded in our national annals; and, in memorizing the birth of Washington, it commemorates the incarnation of all the virtues and all the ideals that made our nationality possible, and gave it promise of growth and strength. It is a holiday that belongs exclusively to the American people. All that Washington did was bound up in our national life, and became interwoven with the warp of our national destiny. The battles he fought were fought for American liberty, and the victories he won gave us national independence. His example of unselfish consecration and lofty patriotism made manifest, as in an open book, that those virtues were conditions not more vital to our nation's beginning than to its development and durability. His faith in God, and the fortitude of his faith, taught those for whom he wrought that the surest strength of nations comes from the support of God's almighty arm. His universal and unaffected sympathy with those in every sphere of American life, his thorough knowledge of existing American conditions, and his wonderful foresight of conditions yet to be, coupled with his powerful influence in the councils of those who were to make or mar the fate of an infant nation, made him a tremendous factor in the construction and adoption of the constitutional chart by which the course of the newly launched Republic could be safely sailed. And it was he who first took the helm and demonstrated, for the guidance of all who might succeed him, how and in what spirit and intent the responsibilities of our chief-magistracy should be discharged.

If your observance of this day were intended to make more

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

secure the immortal fame of Washington, or to add to the strength and beauty of his imperishable monument built upon a nation's affectionate remembrance, your purpose would be useless. Washington has no need of you. But in every moment from the time he drew his sword in the cause of American independence to this hour, living or dead, the American people have needed him. It is not important now, nor will it be in all the coming years, to remind our countrymen that Washington has lived, and that his achievements in his country's service are above all praise. But it is important—and more important now than ever before—that they should clearly apprehend and adequately value the virtues and ideals of which he was the embodiment, and that they should realize how essential to our safety and perpetuity are the consecration and patriotism which he exemplified. The American people need to-day the example and teachings of Washington no less than those who fashioned our nation needed his labors and guidance; and only so far as we commemorate his birth, with a sincere recognition of this need, can our commemoration be useful to the present generation.

It is, therefore, above all things, absolutely essential to an appropriately commemorative condition of mind that there should be no toleration of even the shade of a thought that what Washington did and said and wrote, in aid of the young American Republic, has become in the least outworn, or that in these later days of material advance and development they may be merely pleasantly recalled with a sort of affectionate veneration, and with a kind of indulgent and loftily courteous concession of the value of Washington's example and precepts. These constitute the richest of all our crown jewels; and, if we discard them or depreciate their value, we shall be no better than "the base Indian who threw a pearl away richer than all his tribe."

They are full of stimulation to do grand and noble things, and full of lessons enjoining loyal adherence to public duty. But they teach nothing more impressive and nothing more needful, by way of recalling our countrymen to a faith which has become somewhat faint and obscured, than the necessity to national beneficence and the people's happiness of the homely, simple, personal virtues that grow and thrive in the hearts of men who, with high intent, illustrate the goodness there is in human nature.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Three months before his inauguration as first President of the Republic, which he had done so much to create, Washington wrote a letter to Lafayette, his warm friend and Revolutionary ally, in which he expressed his unremitting desire to establish a general system of policy which, if pursued, would "ensure permanent felicity to the Commonwealth"; and he added these words:

> "I think I see a path as clear and as direct as a ray of light, which leads to the attainment of that object. Nothing but harmony, honesty, industry and frugality is necessary to make us a great and happy people. Happily, the present posture of affairs and the prevailing disposition of my countrymen promise to cooperate in establishing those four great and essential pillars of public felicity."

It is impossible for us to be in accord with the spirit which should pervade this occasion if we fail to realize the momentous import of this declaration, and if we doubt its conclusiveness, or its application to any stage of our national life, we are not in sympathy with a proper and improving observance of the birthday of George Washington.

Such considerations as these suggest the thought that this is a time for honest self-examination. The question presses upon us with a demand for reply that will not be denied: "Who among us all, if our hearts are purged of misleading impulses and our minds freed from perverting pride, can be sure that to-day the posture of affairs and the prevailing disposition of our countrymen cooperate in the establishment and promotion of harmony, honesty, industry and frugality?" When Washington wrote that nothing but these were necessary to make us a great and happy people, he had in mind the harmony of American brotherhood and unenvious good-will, the honesty that insures against the betrayal of public trust and hates devious ways and conscienceless practices, the industry that recognizes in faithful work and intelligent endeavor abundant promise of well-earned competence and provident accumulation, and the frugality which outlaws waste and extravagant display as plunderers of thrift and promoters of covetous discontent.

The self-examination invited by this day's commemoration will be incomplete and superficial, if we are not thereby forced to the confession that there are signs of the times which indicate a weakness and relaxation of our hold upon these saving virtues.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

When thus forewarned, it is the height of recreancy for us obstinately to close our eyes to the needs of the situation, and refuse admission to the thought that evil can overtake us. If we are to deserve security, and make good our claim to sensible, patriotic Americanism, we will carefully and dutifully take our bearings, and discover, if we can, how far wind and tide have carried us away from safe waters.

If we find that the wickedness of destructive agitators and the selfish depravity of demagogues have stirred up discontent and strife where there should be peace and harmony, and have arrayed against each other interests which should dwell together in hearty cooperation; if we find that the old standards of sturdy, uncompromising American honesty have become so corroded and weakened by a sordid atmosphere that our people are hardly startled by crime in high places and shameful betrayals of trust everywhere; if we find a sadly prevalent disposition among us to turn from the highway of honorable industry into shorter cross-roads leading to irresponsible and worthless ease; if we find that wide-spread wastefulness and extravagance have discredited the wholesome frugality which was once the pride of Americanism, we should recall Washington's admonition that harmony, industry and frugality are "essential pillars of public felicity," and forthwith endeavor to change our course.

To neglect this is not only to neglect the admonition of Washington, but to miss or neglect the conditions which our self-examination has made plain to us. These conditions demand something more from us than warmth and zest in the tribute we pay to Washington, and something more even than acceptance of his teachings—however reverent our acceptance may be.

The sooner we reach a state of mind which keeps constantly before us, as a living, active, impelling force, the truth that our people, good or bad, harmonious or with daggers drawn, honest or unscrupulous, industrious or idle, constitute the source of our nation's temperament and health, and that the traits and faults of our people must necessarily give quality and color to our national behavior, the sooner we shall appreciate the importance of protecting this source from unwholesome contamination. And the sooner all of us honestly acknowledge this to be an individual duty that cannot be shifted or evaded, and the more thoroughly we purge ourselves from influences that hinder its conscientious

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

performance, the sooner will our country be regenerated and made secure by the saving power of good citizenship.

It is our habit to affiliate with political parties. Happily, the strength and solidity of our institutions can safely withstand the utmost freedom and activity of political discussion so far as it involves the adoption of governmental policies or the enforcement of good administration. But they cannot withstand the frenzy of hate which seeks, under the guise of political earnestness, to blot out American brotherhood, and cunningly to persuade our people that a crusade of envy and malice is no more than a zealous insistence upon their manhood rights.

Political parties are exceedingly human; and they more easily fall before temptation than individuals, by so much as partisan success is the law of their life, and because their responsibility is impersonal. It is easily recalled that political organizations have been quite willing to utilize gusts of popular prejudice and resentment; and I believe they have been known, as a matter of shrewd management, to encourage voters to hope for some measure of relief from economic abuses, and yet to "stand pat" on the day appointed for realization.

We have fallen upon a time when it behooves every thoughtful citizen, whose political beliefs are based on reason and who cares enough for his manliness and duty to save them from barter, to realize that the organization of the party of his choice needs watching, and that at times it is not amiss critically to observe its direction and tendency. This certainly ought to result in our country's gain; and it is only partisan impudence that condemns a member of a political party who, on proper occasion, submits its conduct and the loyalty to principle of its leaders to a Court of Review, over which his conscience, his reason and his political understanding preside.

I protest that I have not spoken in a spirit of pessimism. I have and enjoy my full share of the pride and exultation which our country's material advancement so fully justifies. Its limitless resources, its astonishing growth, its unapproachable industrial development and its irrepressible inventive genius have made it the wonder of the centuries. Nevertheless, these things do not complete the story of a people truly great. Our country is infinitely more than a domain affording to those who dwell upon it immense material advantages and opportunities. In

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

such a country we live. But I love to think of a glorious nation built upon the will of free men, set apart for the propagation and cultivation of humanity's best ideal of a free government, and made ready for the growth and fruitage of the highest aspirations of patriotism. This is the country that lives in us. I indulge in no mere figure of speech when I say that our nation, the immortal spirit of our domain, lives in us—in our hearts and minds and consciences. There it must find its nutriment or die. This thought more than any other presents to our minds the impressiveness and responsibility of American citizenship. The land we live in seems to be strong and active. But how fares the land that lives in us? Are we sure that we are doing all we ought, to keep it in vigor and health? Are we keeping its roots well surrounded by the fertile soil of loving allegiance, and are we furnishing them the invigorating moisture of unselfish fidelity? Are we as diligent as we ought to be to protect this precious growth against the poison that must arise from the decay of harmony, and honesty, and industry, and frugality; and are we sufficiently watchful against the deadly burrowing pests of consuming greed and cankerous cupidity? Our answers to these questions make up the account of our stewardship as keepers of a sacred trust.

The land we live in is safe as long as we are dutifully careful of the land that lives in us. But good intentions and fine sentiments will not meet the emergency. If we would bestow upon the land that lives in us the care it needs, it is indispensable that we should recognize the weakness of our human nature, and our susceptibility to temptations and influences that interfere with a full conception of our obligations; and thereupon we should see to it that cupidity and selfishness do not blind our consciences or dull our efforts.

From different points of view I have invited you to consider with me what obligations and responsibilities rest upon those who in this country of ours are entitled to be called good citizens. The things I have pointed out may be trite. I know I have spoken in the way of exhortation, rather than with an attempt to say something new and striking. Perhaps you have suspected, what I am quite willing to confess, that, behind all that I have said, there is in my mind a sober conviction that we all can and ought to do more for the country that lives in us than it has

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

been our habit to do; and that no better means to this end are at hand than a revival of pure patriotic affection for our country for its own sake, and the acceptance, as permanent occupants in our hearts and minds, of the virtues which Washington regarded as all that was necessary to make us a great and happy people, and which he declared to be "the great and essential pillars of public felicity"—harmony, honesty, industry and frugality.

GROVER CLEVELAND.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IS THE PAPACY AN OBSTACLE TO THE REUNION OF CHRISTENDOM?

BY THE MOST REV. JOHN IRELAND, ARCHBISHOP OF ST. PAUL.

Is the Papacy an obstacle to the reunion of Christendom? The answer given by Professor Charles A. Briggs is: No, if we have in mind the "ideal Papacy"; yes, if we have in mind "the real Papacy." I refer to the Professor's article in the mid-February number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

The "ideal Papacy," as the Professor explains himself, is the Papacy of the New Testament and of the early ages of the Christian Church; the "real Papacy" is the practical working Papacy of later ages grown in power far beyond the intent of the Founder of the Church, and putting forth claims to which its original commission gives no title or justification. The Professor demands that the Papacy divest itself of all developments and accretions, making itself again the Papacy "as near to Christ as St. Peter was, and as truly representative of the Lord and Master"; and, in this manner, open the portals of its temple to many, in other bodies of Christendom, now separated from it, who pray earnestly, as Christ prayed, that all "may be one," and willingly confess that unity among the followers of the Saviour implies the recognition of the "ideal Papacy" instituted by Christ and delegated to Peter and his successors.

The charge is grave, that the Papacy, through its own fault, through ambition and lust of domination, compels believers of the Gospel to hold themselves aloof from it, thus making necessary, for the time being at least, the divisions of Christendom, and voluntarily setting at naught the prayer of its Founder. Christ, undoubtedly, willed unity among His disciples. To disrupt Christian unity, to build up obstacles to the healing of the breach, when, from one cause or another, unity has been dis-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rupted, is the crime of crimes against Christ and His Church. But is the guilt upon the Papacy? Is the charge proven by facts in its history, or by its present attitude towards the interests of religion and of humanity?

No truer and more convincing presentation, from Scripture and early Christian history, of the divine institution of the Papacy could be wished for than that which is given by Professor Briggs. I thank him, in the name of the Papacy, for his brilliant and learned argumentation. According to the Professor, this much is established beyond all reasonable doubt: that "all attempts to explain 'the rock' in any other way than as referring to Peter have ignominiously failed"; that the texts, "Strengthen thy brethren," "Feed my lambs, feed my sheep," conferred most certainly upon Peter authority over his fellow Apostles. The sayings of Jesus, the Professor continues to argue, are confirmed by the history of the Apostolic age. "Peter was the chief of the Apostles, according to all the Gospels, during the early life of our Lord. The early chapters of 'Acts' represent him as the acknowledged chief of the Apostolic community down to the Council of Jerusalem." The Council of Jerusalem itself, the Professor adds, decided for Peter as against Paul. And, what is most important for the defence of the Papacy, the Professor writes: "It is evident that Jesus, in speaking to St. Peter, had the whole history of His Kingdom in view. . . . It is, therefore, vain to suppose that we must limit the commission to St. Peter. We could no more do that than we could limit the Apostolic commission to the Apostles." And, as to the testimony of early Christian history, what could be more significant than the Professor's words: "We shall have to admit that the Christian Church from the earliest times recognized the primacy of the Roman Bishops. . . . When the whole case has been carefully examined and all the evidence sifted, the statement of Irenæus stands firm: 'It is a matter of necessity that every Church should agree with this Church [the Church of Rome] on account of its pre-eminent authority.'"

So far, I desire no more forcible defender of the Papacy than Professor Briggs himself. But now comes the parting of the ways. The Professor fails to grasp the full meaning and intent of the texts of Scripture which he quotes in favor of the Papacy. According to him, the Pope, the successor of St. Peter, is merely

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Executive Head of the Church, not its Supreme Ruler; legislative and judicial functions are not among the inherent rights of the Papacy, and are best exercised by other organisms within the Church.

The Pope is what Peter was; and Peter was supreme in his leadership. The words of Christ establishing the primacy established the supremacy. "I will give unto thee the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven, and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in Heaven, and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in Heaven." Peter holds the keys of the Kingdom: he is the absolute master. Whatsoever he binds is bound; whatsoever he looses is loosed: his power extends over the whole sphere of the Kingdom, over all its activities; it is shortened by no power or rights confided to others. Plainly, Peter is legislator and judge, no less than Executive Head. Again: "Simon, Simon, Satan has asked to have you that he might sift you as wheat; but I made supplication for thee, that thy faith fail not: and do thou, when thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren." The whole Apostolic College will be tempted by Satan. But for one only (Simon) is supplication made; to one only (Simon) is the command given to strengthen the brethren. Do not the words, "strengthen thy brethren," give to Peter the Supremacy over the other apostles? Do they not give to Peter —to Peter apart from the others—all power necessary to carry into effect the trust, whatever the form into which it may be required to cast itself, legislative, judicial or merely executive? And again: "Feed my lambs, feed my sheep." The whole flock, the entire Church, disciples and Apostles, are put into the hands of Peter, to be (in the significant expression of the original Greek) "shepherdized" by him. Is the shepherd of the flock merely the Executive Head of lambs or of sheep? Is he not supreme guide and leader, judge and legislator? Is he not the absolute master?

The Professor equally misapprehends the facts and teachings of early Christian ages. In those ages, the Papacy never appears as the mere Executive. Its functions are legislative and judicial, as well as executive. Before A.D. 325, no Œcumenical Council had been held; whatever the general powers exercised in the government of the Church, they were solely the appurtenances of the Bishop of Rome. In A.D. 189, Victor, of himself, ordered the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Bishops of Asia to follow the Roman custom in the celebration of Easter; and, when Irenæus of Lyons expostulated with him in favor of greater clemency of action, it was by way of prayer, not by a denial of his authority. Victor was supreme—legislator, judge and executive. So, too, was it, A.D. 259, with Dionysius of Rome, when he summoned Dionysius, Bishop of Alexandria, to explain his utterances regarding the Second Person of the Trinity; and so, again, was it, A.D. 254, with Stephen, whom Cyprian of Carthage solicited to send to the Bishops of Gaul a command for the deposition of Marcianus, Bishop of Arles.

In its claims that primacy means supremacy, the "real Papacy," surely, does not depart from the "ideal Papacy"—the Papacy of Scripture and of early ecclesiastical history.

Nor is the Professor correct in the idea which he forms to himself of the Papacy as the centre of Christian unity. He holds to three elements of unity—the Papacy, the ministry and the people—and he would have us believe that, while unity may be impaired, it is not destroyed, so long as even one of those elements remains unbroken. He maintains that, however important the element of the Papacy may be, ministers and people, refusing to accept as valid its later developments — the supremacy — and keeping themselves aloof from it because of those developments, cannot be regarded as violating unity. If such to-day do not take active part in unity with the Papacy, the Papacy itself, the Professor declares, must bear the blame.

Supremacy was vested in the original Papacy; consequently, there is no excuse for those who remain aloof from the Papacy, under the plea that supremacy, as is now claimed, is a late development, void of validity.

That there is in Christian unity a threefold element is true in a sense. The Papacy, the ministry, the people, make up the Church; the Papacy cannot be thought of without ministers and without people, any more than in any organism the head can be thought of without members. But that a portion of the ministry, or a portion of the people, cut off from the Papacy, can still hold that they are within the lines of Christian unity, is no more conceivable than would be the claim that certain members, separated from the head and trunk, no longer deriving from the head the current of life and motion, are still parts of the physical organism. Union with the head is the vital condition of organic unity,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

as truly in moral entities as in physical entities. The Pope is the Head of the Church: they who are separated from the Pope are separated from the Church.

Is not this the doctrine of Scripture? If Peter holds the keys, no one is within who has not entered at his opening. If Peter is the rock upon which the Church is built, no one is a stone in the superstructure who does not rest upon him. If Peter is the shepherd, no one is of the flock who is not "shepherdized" by him. If Peter it is who strengthens, no one is strengthened over whom his hand is not raised. Is not this the testimony of early ecclesiastical history? "It is a matter of necessity," wrote Irenæus, "that every Church should agree with this Church" (that of Rome). "Where Peter is," Ambrose declared, "there is the Church." "Following no chief but Christ," wrote Jerome to Damasus, "I am joined in communion with your Holiness, that is, with the Chair of St. Peter."

I am speaking, of course, not of "the soul of the Church," the invisible union of the personal soul with God, of which the invisible God is alone the judge; but of the visible body of the Church, as Christ constituted it among men, to which all must belong if they obey Christ's words—"Hear the Church"; which lives and moves among men, according to the organic laws of its visible being. Of this visible body all must be members, invincible ignorance alone excusing, if they are to be members of Christ; and the condition of membership in this visible body is union with the Pope, the successor of Peter.

No other line of unity, whether that of the people, or that of the ministry, will or can suffice. Priests and bishops they may be, validly ordained, deriving their sacred character from Christ through Apostolic succession; yet, they are not of the Church, unless they are with Peter, and of Peter. Away from Peter, they are in rebellion against the Chieftain of the army, the Shepherd of the flock; they are outside the army, outside the fold. Novatians and Donatists were not without validly ordained priests and bishops; yet neither Novatians nor Donatists were viewed as members of the Church; nor were their bishops admitted to seats in its legislative assemblies. Away from Peter, away from the Church—this was ever the law of early Christian history.

Professor Briggs must widen his "ideal Papacy"; he must do so on his own principles of loyalty to the Papacy of Scripture

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and of tradition. And as he widens his "ideal Papacy," he narrows down, by so much, the compass of faults and pretensions which, he thinks, disfigure the modern Papacy, and which alone, he avers, hold him outside the Communion of the Bishop of Rome.

Divisions arose in Christendom. There was the exodus, first, of Greeks, and, later, of Protestants, from the Roman Communion. If we believe Professor Briggs, the chief fault was with Rome. Both in Orient and in Occident, the separatist movement was, at first, a protest only against Papal usurpation, "with a willingness to recognize all valid, historical and Biblical rights of the Pope": but, later, it was compelled to go farther, and set up "National Churches, entirely apart from any jurisdiction of the Pope." Well, if the protest was aimed at vital conditions in the Papacy, such as those which I have described, the protestants were, decidedly, in the wrong from the beginning, and the protest should never have been made. Were it only against policies and administrative acts, matters in which the Papacy claims no immunity from error, it should have remained a protest; never should it have had separation as its outcome. No one, within the fold of the Papacy, believes or needs to believe that all its policies and administrative acts are above criticism. In this regard there reigns the widest liberty. At times, even, circumstances may be such that criticism becomes a duty — criticism, however, that should always be grave and respectful, as befitting the subject, in presence of exalted authority. At one time, Paul himself withstood Peter: although, whatever may have been for the moment the inopportuneness of the attitude of Peter, he was substantially right, as the ulterior prevalence of his Gentile policy amply proves. But never must criticism go so far as to threaten, or lead to rebellion or separation. Reform may be timely; it may be urgent. It must always, however, be attempted from within; there and there only can it be wholesome and effective: there the Founder of the Church made room for it. Separation is the original sin of Greeks and of Protestants, the guilt of which nothing can cancel, save complete return to unity. In withdrawing from the Papacy, the centre of unity in Christendom, under whatever provocation, real or fictitious, and forming Churches of their own, apart from Communion with the Bishop of Rome, Orientals and Protestants were, decidedly, in the wrong. Neither is the wrong made right by lapse of time. The wrong lasts, so

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

long as separation lasts. The duty is paramount to undo the wrong and bring separation to an end. Centuries have gone by since the separation: the successors of the first separatists are to-day as much bound to return to the fold as their forebears were bound to have remained within it. Most illogical, most un-Christian is the assumption that men must stay where their forebears put them, however untenable be the ground upon which they find themselves encamped. In matters of conscience and religion, each individual soul gives answer for itself. If the Papacy is of divine command, as Professor Briggs proclaims, the Professor and those who think alike should seek at once the shelter of the Papacy: and there make protest and institute work for reform, if protest and reform are still seen to be conducive to the greater welfare of religion. To protest and to reform within the legitimate lines, liberty will be amply guaranteed.

It were interesting, if space permitted, to look into the history of the Greek, or of the Protestant, exodus, and question how far, in the premises, there was fault with the Papacy, how far there was fault with the separatists themselves. It were no difficult task, I am prepared to say, to show that, in the Orient and in the Occident, the real grounds upon which separation was based lay well outside the bulwarks of the Papacy; that complaints against the Papacy, set forth as justifications, were to a large degree excuses, rather than reasons, for schisms which had elsewhere their inciting causes. In the Orient, the cause was pride and ambition in Photius, first, and, later, in Michael Cærularius, together with an unconquerable jealousy of "Old Rome" in Emperors and courtiers of the "New Rome" on the shores of the Bosphorus; the people, as was usually the case in those ages, merely followed the leaders, whithersoever they were going. In Germany, the preaching of Tetzel and the "*Gravamina*" counted far less, as causes, than the personal waywardness and recklessness of character of Martin Luther, and the political ambition and the inordinate greed of princes and barons. In England, who will say that Henry, obeyed by a servile and self-seeking Parliament, would ever have separated from Rome, if Catherine of Aragon had discreetly gone to her grave? Whether in Constantinople, or in Wittemberg, the Papacy showed itself patient and long-suffering; excommunication was pronounced only when its authority had met with stern defiance, and its representatives had

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

been refused a hearing, or had suffered open contumely. In England, the breach under Henry was consummated only when Parliament had declared that the Bishop of Rome had no longer any authority in the realm, that all the rights and privileges heretofore claimed by him in spirituals as well as in temporals vested in the King and his successors. Not for twelve years after the Elizabethan Settlement by Act of Parliament did Pius V issue his Bull of excommunication.

Separations took place and went their course. But the Papacy remained. With it were bishops, priests and people, who clung to the "rock"; and these, with the Papacy, constituted the Church. Professor Briggs would have us believe that since the separation, first in the Orient, and, later, in the Occident, the life and the activities of the Church were so impaired that its right to act in a corporate capacity ceased, that it could no longer hold an Œcumenical Council. He writes: "The Roman Catholic Church, after the separation of the Orient, continued to hold Œcumenical Councils down to the present time—twenty-two in all; but, inasmuch as these Councils were limited to bishops, doctors and heads of orders in subjection to Rome, and excluded, especially since the Protestant Reformation, the majority of Christian and Orthodox Churches, they are not regarded as œcumenical, except by the Roman Catholic Church itself." A strange doctrine this—that Christ should have so constructed His Church that during centuries it could, by any manner of means, be reduced to practical lifelessness, unable to perform its chief function, that of teacher and definer of truth, through its chief Pontiff, whether alone or in conjunction with his fellow bishops in Œcumenical Council. A strange doctrine this—that lifelessness in the Church becomes at once a fact, so soon as a number of its ministers or its people cut themselves away from it, for whatsoever cause, to set themselves up into separate and independent jurisdictions. No; Christ made His Church to live and to work in every age, and naught will happen from conscious or unconscious interference on the part of any body of men, be they of the people or of the priesthood, or of the episcopate itself. "Where Peter is, there is the Church." Peter is the head; those with him are the members; and, thus constituted, the Church lives on and works. So was it in all ages. From the beginning there were schisms and heresies. Did those schisms and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

heresies suspend the life and activity of the Church? Were heretics and schismatics, with or without bishops, ever represented in early Councils, œcumenical or provincial, after they had formally withdrawn from the Church? Were Nestorian bishops admitted to Chalcedon? So soon as Theodoret, Bishop of Cyrus, once a partisan of Nestorius, made his appearance, the Fathers of Chalcedon cried out that the Canons of the Church forbade the admission of a heretic to the Council; and only when he had made clear his acceptance of the decrees of Nicæa was he permitted to take a seat. Did Donatist bishops sit with Augustine in African episcopal gatherings? Once in open schism, Christians of all degrees, priests or bishops, are outside the Church, take no part in its corporate life, retain no right to invalidate its normal action. And so Tridentine and Vatican Councils, convened since the Protestant Reformation, are as truly œcumenical as were, long before the Reformation, the Councils of Nicæa, Ephesus and Chalcedon; and Professor Briggs, by virtue of his appeal to Scripture and early tradition, is bound to accept all Councils, however many they may be, that the Papacy accepts. With best will on its part, the Papacy cannot exempt him from this obligation without annihilation of its own life.

I now come to points where agreement is easier between the Professor and myself—my task being, in the main, the removal of misconceptions into which he has fallen regarding "the Papacy" —what he persists in calling the "real Papacy," the Papacy of recent and present times.

"The claims of the Papacy to jurisdiction in civil affairs and to dominion over civic governments"—to those the Professor will not listen. To such claims, fortunately, he is not asked to listen. No claims of the kind are made; the Papacy has no right to make such claims, and does not dream of making them. The two spheres, the temporal and the spiritual, are distinct from each other. In its sphere, the civic government is as independent as is the Papacy in its own. Of course, there may be times when the civic government violates the laws of good morals or of religion, and the Papacy must raise its voice in protest. This, however, is not an encroachment upon the civil or temporal sphere: the Papacy remains within the range of the spiritual, performing one of its direct and immediate duties. Perhaps the Professor has in mind the days of Gregory VII, Alexander III, Innocent

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

III, when a united Christendom saw in the reigning Pope the Supreme Arbiter of peoples and of monarchs, and willingly invoked his intervention, all the more readily that often, in those days, as the Professor himself admits, naught else than Papal intervention was able to arrest direst evils "threatening humanity and even Christianity itself." But those days are past: other international laws and customs hold sway: the Papacy puts forth no claim over civic affairs or civic rulers.

The Professor objects to a Papal domain in the former states of the Church and the City of Rome, "as impracticable and of no real importance." I am sure Pius X entertains no thought of, no wish for, a Papal domain, such as was once possessed by his predecessors. Very much less will satisfy him. The extent of his claim does not go beyond what the Professor is willing to grant. I quote with unlimited approval the Professor's words: "The Papacy must have a territory in which it may carry on the government of the Church throughout the world outside the jurisdiction of any particular civil government. But a very limited territory, such as the American District of Columbia, would be amply sufficient for that purpose." This, and nothing more, is desired by the reigning Pontiff.

The Professor objects to the claim of the Papacy to determine questions of civil government for Roman Catholic citizens, and, as instances, he refers to Catholic parties in Germany "for the maintenance of so-called Catholic principles," and to the recent Papal action in France relating to the tenure of Church property. My answer is: If purely civil matters are in issue, the Pope has no right whatsoever to give directions to Catholics. Catholics would resent directions of this kind. I think, however, that the Professor will admit that the question changes when issues under consideration are such as to appeal to the religious conscience and to demand solution in the light of religious principles. The issue then would appertain to the spiritual order. Who should refuse to the Chieftain of the Church the right to define what such principles mean, and how they are to be applied? The question under discussion in the great battle-days of the "Centrum" in Germany was the inherent right of the Church to the appointment, according to its own rules and requirements, of its bishops and priests: was not this strictly a matter of religion? In France, the controversy turns on the question whether Church

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

property shall be held under control of the hierarchy or under that of bodies independent of that control. Is not this, again, a religious question? It is true, as a general proposition, that questions of right to property and of tenure of property fall within the competency of the state. But, underneath this competency, there are always the natural rights of the citizen, which the state dares not overlook; and, among those rights, there is that primary right, freedom of religion. Now, the practice of the Catholic religion calls for temples, for temples under the control of the hierarchy. To refuse to the Church the control of its temples violates the natural rights of every professing Catholic, as it violates the principle of religious liberty of which the Government of France makes loud proclamation. "You are free in this land," the Government says to the Church. "Very well," replies the Church through its authorized spokesman, the Pope; "allow me what is essential to my freedom, temples under my control, subject only to such regulations by the state as are conducive to the public weal, and are required in the name of public order." Monsieur Briand, at the present date, concedes to the Church the right to speak in this manner in the name of religious freedom. Professor Briggs should not be more punctilious in defence of the state in France than its own imperious Minister of Public Worship. By the way, while we are touching upon the French question, is not Professor Briggs at sea regarding the rupture of the Concordat? He writes: "The Pope himself violated the Concordat with France by summoning two French bishops to Rome in spite of the prohibition of the French Government." Where, I ask, in the Concordat is there a denial to the Pope of the right to summon to Rome bishops without the consent of the Government? The Professor, evidently, confounds with the Concordat, to which the Papacy was obligated, the "*Articles Organiques*" of Napoleon, which the Papacy repudiated from the moment of their enactment.

"The claims of the Papacy to determine questions of science and philosophy, of sociology and economics" are, in the Professor's mind, serious obstacles to his journeying towards Rome. But the Papacy claims no right, possesses no right, to determine questions of science and philosophy, of sociology and economics. The realm of the Papacy is faith and morals—that much, and nothing more. The situation changes, of course, when specula-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion, clothed in the garb of science or philosophy, of sociology or economics, soars into the domain of faith and morals, and challenges the Church within its own sphere. Must not the Church be on guard at its frontiers, lest, under the flag of truth, error be seeking passage? Parleying, at least, there must be. The Church calls for time to consider whether faith and morals are really, and not apparently only, put in jeopardy; and it allows to speculation time to reexamine its groundwork and discover whether it is the proven voice of science and philosophy, of sociology or economics, or merely, as the case often is, a phantasm of the imagination. But, it might here be urged, the Church is at times too meticulous, too exacting, and, occasionally, goes too far in its demands and its prohibitions. Be it so: the treasures in the keeping of the Church are so precious that extreme vigilance must be its rule. Better, by far, now and then, an excess of vigilance than, now and then, a lack of prudent care and forethought. In this light, the recent decision of the Scriptural Commission regarding the authorship of the Pentateuch is quite comprehensible. Perhaps the Professor is a little too confident of his own opinion, that Moses should be eliminated for good from the books that have so long borne his name. Modern criticism has yet to speak its last word in this matter. Nor were certain books recently placed on the Index so plainly innocuous as the Professor would lead us to believe: even to theologians outside the Congregation—and many of those most liberal-minded —those books were far from being free of fatal defects, especially the works of Abbé Loisy. As to whether the Syllabus which, report says, is soon to be given out by Pius X, will prove to be dangerous reactionarism, we should wait until we have read it before giving judgment. Nor will the Syllabus of Pius IX appear to be such a dreadful "intrusion of Papal jurisdiction" as the Professor would have us believe, when, in our perusal of it, we give due weight to the circumstances determining the original pronouncement of each separate article, and gather from those circumstances its meaning and intent. Cardinal Newman's letter to the Duke of Norfolk will, I opine, free the Professor's mind from apprehension on this score.

"There can be no question," the Professor says, "of the right of the Pope to determine all ecclesiastical questions as regards marriage and divorce for Roman Catholic citizens; or of the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

right of Roman Catholic citizens to organize parochial schools with religious instruction after their own mind; but any interference by the Pope, directly or indirectly, with such questions when under debate by modern governments cannot be less than a misuse of Papal jurisdiction." Here the Professor is most generous in his concession of rights to Pope and to Catholic citizens as regards marriage, divorce and parochial schools; no Catholic should strive to be more so. As to Papal interference with such questions when under debate by modern governments—I should be made conversant more than I now am with each and every one of the cases which the Professor has in mind before I could offer a pertinent reply. Modern governments differ so much in the laws they propose that no general observation of mine could serve the purpose. This much, however, I know full well—that, in our own country, where creeds abound, where each creed has its own norm of faith and morals, Pope and Catholics make no opposition to the Government in its efforts to secure general peace and general contentment by methods and transactions which often are below ideal principles, which, however, are imperiously imposed by existing circumstances.

Other points raised by the Professor scarcely need to be discussed. They are of minor importance; the solution is merely a question of expediency; and, whether inside or outside the Church, the Professor will be free to debate them, without the slightest peril of censure from Pope or Catholics.

That Œcumenical Councils should be more frequent—it is possible. Good comes from such gatherings, where bishops from every clime under the sun raise their voice to offer suggestion and counsel. However, in practice, it is not so easy a task as Professor Briggs may imagine to bring from their homes, "every three or five years," a thousand bishops, so many of them removed from Rome by wide expanse of continent and of ocean, and hold them together in one place, be it the largest of cities, during the weeks and months needed for mutual deliberation. Nor are Œcumenical Councils so necessary that the Pontiff be informed of the needs of religion the world over. Provincial councils, episcopal visitations *ad limina*, modern facilities of correspondence, accomplish much in this regard. Moreover, we must keep in mind the organization of the Church. The Papacy is not the dreadful centralization that it is sometimes reported to be. There

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

are the Dioceses and the Provinces, where greatest latitude is given to local action, as local interest may require. The organization of the Catholic Church is much as that of the American Republic, with its national and its State governments. However, an occasional Œcumenical Council is profitable; and perhaps the Professor may see one during his lifetime. Meanwhile, it is unfair to say of the Papacy that its reluctance to convoke frequently Œcumenical Councils arises from its wish that no check be put upon its will. There is no warrant whatever for such an accusation.

That the Cardinalate should be more wide-spread over the world; that among Cardinals resident in Rome and forming the Pope's immediate cabinet there might be, with advantage to the general Church, fewer Italians and more foreigners; that, conditions changing with the modern world, the Catholicity of the Church might be more emphasized than it is at present in its central seat of government—on this score the Professor is most free to think as he likes, to urge, as he chooses, his views upon the Papacy. However, he must agree with me that time is needed before changes from existing policies can be prudently made, all the more so that those policies are of ancient date, and had in the past, as they may have in the present, good reasons in their favor.

That the Pope need not, always and ever, be an Italian—of course not; many Popes in the past were not Italians. One who is not an Italian may in the not distant future be enthroned in the Vatican. For my part, however, I do not easily see that, in these days of international jealousies and fears, such a happening would be an omen of greater international peace than the Church now enjoys. It is wisdom, perhaps, to leave things as they are. Nor does the Pope, ever and always, need to reside in Rome. The Popes, for a long time, resided in Avignon. Yet who does not see that Rome, the Capital of Christendom from earliest ages, the city of the martyrdom of Peter and Paul, the central seat of Papal memories and glories for nineteen centuries, is the native home of the Papacy through the will of Providence, no less than through the will of the Church? To what city, other than Rome, would the Catholics of the world bid the Pope to go? Not to Paris, not to Berlin, not to London, not even to Washington. Rome is the city of the Catholic heart and of the Catholic faith:

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

be it ever the city of the Popes! And if a resident of Rome, why should the Pope not be the Bishop of Rome, as well as Bishop Universal? Is not the national government fittingly the sole civil government in Washington? So the Pope is, most fittingly, the sole episcopal authority in Rome.

Is the Papacy an obstacle to the reunion of Christendom? Is there sufficient justification for Professor Briggs, holding, as he does, as he must, in loyalty to Scripture and tradition, to an "ideal Papacy," to remain aloof from the "real Papacy"? There is none. The "real Papacy," in all its principles, is the Papacy of Scripture and tradition, the "ideal Papacy"; and seen in action, yesterday and to-day, stripped of clouds gathered over its brow by prejudice and misconception, it looms up in Christendom still the "ideal Papacy," so far as the ideal can be realized through human elements. Christ did not, in instituting it, promise to manifest Himself in its every word, in its every measure. He appointed men to be His Vicars; and while, in the interest of truth, He guards their official utterances, He does not guarantee supreme wisdom in all their administrative acts. Yet, even in the human work of the Papacy, along its many centuries of life, so much wisdom is noticeable that men wonder at its grandeur, and easily confess that, through its human elements, there shines a supernatural radiance, a reflection from the divinity of its inner soul, which is Christ, the Founder of the Church.

Whatever can be done to bring about reunion, the Papacy is most willing to do. It will not change the vital principles of its being. The Professor will not, on second thought, ask it to do this. For then it were not the Papacy, as instituted by Christ; and the Professor, assuredly, covets none other. The Papacy must maintain that primacy means supremacy, since supremacy was the Lord's appointment; it must maintain that the Pope cannot reduce himself to be merely the Executive Head of the Church, since he is from Christ the Supreme Ruler; it cannot in its Councils put on the same level priests and bishops, however validly ordained, who persist in schism, though it may invite them to argument and explanation, as Leo invited the Orientals to the Vatican Council, as Clement VII and Paul III invited the Lutherans of Germany to the Tridentine; it cannot repudiate as non-œcumenical those Councils which were held since the Greek Schism, or the Protestant "Reformation"—these Councils were

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

valid Councils of the Church; the Church, after the separation as before, lived with fulness of power and authority, with rights unimpaired. Nor is the dream, apparently the most dear to the Professor, to be realized—that a Constitution be framed defining and limiting the authority of the Papacy, adjoining to it with independent powers a representative Council of Bishops to whom should belong all legislative functions, and another body, equally independent, that should take to itself judicial functions. Christ, once for all, gave a Constitution to the Papacy—that it be supreme; the Constitution given by Christ no Pope, no body of Bishops can alter. Counsellors the Pope will gather around him; vicars and delegates he will have, to divide with him the labor of his office; but the Supreme Master, in last resort, he will ever remain.

Claims of the Papacy to be what Christ made it will not be an obstacle to reunion for those who sincerely seek to know the Papacy, as Christ established it. Other obstacles, enumerated by the Professor, have no existence in fact, or, at best, refer to trifling questions of mere human expediency, to which no serious mind will pay attention when the great duty is remembered to withdraw from schism and seek shelter within the fold where the Master's prayer is fulfilled, that "they be one"—"one fold and one shepherd."

JOHN IRELAND.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HUMOR: ITS KINSFOLK AND ACQUAINTANCE.

BY CHAUNCEY B. BREWSTER.

In the "Spectator" Addison describes the god of wit, "who bore several quivers on his shoulders, and grasped several arrows in his hand," and who marched on the right hand of the goddess of truth. Thus he pictures together wit and truth. A closer friend of truth is humor, whereof Addison here says naught, but which is often associated with wit. Wit and humor seem like near neighbors. Indeed, the two are akin. Time was when wit was wont to look down on humor as a homely, shabby sister quite unfit for fine company. But this despised Cinderella at last got her own footing and the slipper that fitted only her, and has been coming to her own. There is a kinship, and it lies in the sense of the incongruous. Wit makes connection with the discrepant or contrary so as to get an electric shock of surprise; while the sphere of humor also is found in the contradictions, misfits, things queerly crooked or awry, the oddities and illusions confronting one.

Wit and humor are by no means, however, one and the same, or even twins closely resembling each other. There is plainly a distinction to be recognized between them. The distinction between the two is suggested by the etymology of the words. Wit—compare "to wit," German *wissen* — is the intellect at play. John Locke, in his chapter treating "Of Discerning and other Operations of the Mind," speaks of "Wit lying most in the assemblage of ideas." The word "humor," originally signifying a moisture or fluid of the body, is applied to a temper or disposition of the soul. It means juice or juiciness of nature. In wit the intellectual predominates: in humor, the moral. Wit implies a penetrating perception that sees into a thing: humor, a sympathy that feels with one. Wit aims its shaft at an object: humor smiles and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

laughs with one. Wit lies more in verbal collocation: humor rather in the atmosphere or the spirit. Brevity is the soul of wit; the quality of humor is a slow and leisurely play. Wit produces the sparkling gem: humor discloses the vein of gold. Wit coruscates in quick flashes that electrify like mimic lightning: humor, like the sunshine, bathes things in its radiance. In wit is more of instantaneous illumination; but more of warmth and glow in humor.

The humorous is sometimes mistaken for mere facetiousness and is made equivalent to "funny." But it is a degenerate humor which is merely comic. It loses the name of humor if it be witless; yet it is more than wit. George Eliot defined wit as "reasoning raised to the highest power." Humor is not in so close relations with the understanding. It has not even a bowing acquaintance with logic, which it usually is either at variance with or utterly ignores, and is likely to be quite illogical. One of our College Presidents, when in Rome, desiring to see a particular function at St. Peter's, at the door was informed that a special card of admission was necessary. "But surely," said he, "I am entitled to admission." "Why so?" "Because of my name." "What is your name, sir?" "My name is Luther." The reply struck the fancy of the official, proved an open sesame, and procured one of the highest seats.

Not only will humor not be found to be a tenant of the premises of logic, but often, like an unlooked-for apparition, it rises from the nether region of the subconscious. Many, I dare say, can vaguely recall the strangely incongruous situations and the whimsical suggestions of dreams. The absence of rational self-governance may release humor. For example, it is sometimes in intoxication set free to play and run riot. Of Scotch humor Sydney Smith said that there was needed a little operating to let it out, and he knew of no instrument so effectual for the purpose as the corkscrew. Its effectiveness is not confined to the Scotch. A very dignified friend of mine met the son of an old family servant. The fellow was happy through strong drink and said: "Mr. ——, I never can quite remember whether it was my mother that worked for your mother or your mother that worked for my mother." He felt an exhilarating sense of a common humanity lifting him quite above any social distinctions or barriers. Holding no intercourse with logic, humor is more

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

likely to be found in the company of fancy and imagination. It is a not distant relative of theirs, being itself more constructive and creative than wit and not practised in the latter's keen, cutting analysis.

While wit must have its point, humor is usually without sharp point or edge. Wit may sting with the bite of scorn, the venom of malignance. Humor is characteristically genial and humane. In humanity it finds an habitual associate, and, if true to itself, fails not to manifest some feeling and regard for what is human. Wit may forge weapons of irony and satire. But, if the satire be kindly, then wit passes into humor because of the human touch, even although that human touch be only light and superficial. An instance is the well-known interview when William Penn stood before Charles II. If that monarch, according to Lord Rochester's epigram,

> "Never said a foolish thing
> And never did a wise one,"

he sometimes acted by a happy inspiration. Penn, as a Quaker, kept his hat on in the royal presence, whereupon Charles took off his own. "Friend Charles," said Penn, "why dost thou not keep on thy hat?" "'Tis the custom of this place," replied the king, "for only one person to remain covered." There, I take it, was the spirit of fun passing into a phase of whimsical sympathy that, while asserting distinctions, let the Quaker keep his hat on.

Humor means far more than the laughter of a fool or at one. It goes often hand in hand with compassion. It is always sane and clear-eyed, and none the less so for its kindly smile and thrill of sympathy as it contemplates the follies, foibles, and faults of men. In the sympathy lies its kinship and acquaintance with pathos. But it is the sanity, the clear-sightedness, of humor that keeps the pathos from degenerating into bathos or anything that could be described as maudlin. Humor is on the best of terms with sentiment, so long as it is true and healthy. When, however, feelings have passed from their natural spontaneousness into a secondary stage where they have become self-conscious, are called out for drill and marshalled for parade, then sentiment has degenerated into sentimentality. Genuine humor is too loyal a friend of truth to have anything to do with such artificiality or to associate with sentimentality. At once it

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is suspicious and becomes shy and reserved. Take, in Sterne's "Sentimental Journey," the familiar episode of the dead donkey and the mourner's weeping and wailing: "It was not the value of the ass, but the loss of him." Alas, poor Yorick! a fellow of infinite jest, but undeniably a sentimentalist and, by that same token, not a genuine humorist. Was it not the verdict of such a judge as Thackeray: "a great jester, not a great humorist"?

Genuine humor shrinks with holy horror from anything that is morbid, shunning its infection, seeking escape out-of-doors into the fresh air and sunshine of mirth. Thus humor may find its refuge in jest and jollity even over human frailty. "Pat!" said the priest, "how's this? You've been drunk again? Don't you remember the pledge you signed?" "Yes, your rivirince! But, sure, all signs fail in dry times!" There is not exactly the note of Lamb's "Confessions of a Drunkard"! Yet with the Irish often the smiles are not far from the tears; and it is the very sensitiveness to the pathetic that is the key to much of their rich humor. Hard by, one feels the presence of the sad and the tragic. Nor, indeed, in this are the Irish alone or exceptional. Although loathing the morbid, humor is fond of the mood of thoughtfulness that is not blind to the contradictions and defeats and failures of life, nor deaf to "the still, sad music of humanity," nor insensible of

> . . . "the burden of the mystery,
> Of all this unintelligible world."

It is evident humor requires and implies a certain detachment of mind, not to take the episode in such wise as to be lost in it, but to be sufficiently aloof to view the particular matter, not by itself alone, but in relation to a larger whole. That humorist, Touchstone, after summing up the pros and cons of shepherd life, says: "Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?" Genuine humor *is*, consciously or unconsciously, philosophic. Thus its close companion is a thoughtful seriousness, although this companion is not recognized by the many to whom humor is known as mere levity. By such people, it is in proportion as one is dull that he is taken seriously. Mark Twain has lamented to friends "that his reputation as a humorist had stood in the way of people's believing that he ever meant what he said." It was Thackeray's grave assertion that the humorous writer "takes upon himself to be the week-day preacher, so to speak."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Where there is genuine humor, moral earnestness is not far away. As an illustration take a soliloquy in Macbeth. It is the murder scene. Upon that false, unnatural dreamland of cruel crime breaks in an interrupting summons from God's world of reality, in the knocking heard. It rouses the porter, who shambles in, half awake, half dreaming he is porter of hell-gate. "Knock, knock, knock! Who's there, i' the name of Belzebub? Here's a farmer that hanged himself on the expectation of plenty. Come in time: . . . here you'll sweat for't.—Knock, knock! Who's there, i' the other devil's name? . . . Knock, knock, knock! Who's there? Faith, here's an English tailor come hither, for stealing out a French hose. Come in, tailor; here you may roast your goose.—Knock, knock; never at quiet! What are you?—But this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no further: I had thought to have let in some of all professions, that go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire." The dreamy, drowsy whim of hell's gate, in juxtaposition with hellish murder, may illustrate humor with a background of most serious reality.

Or take again, near the end of Cymbeline, the humor of the gaoler summoning Posthumus to be hanged: "Look you, sir, you know not which way you shall go." "Yes, indeed do I, fellow." "Your death has eyes in's head then; I have not seen him so pictured: you must either be directed by some that take upon them to know; or take upon yourself that which I am sure you do not know; for, jump the after-inquiry on your own peril, and how you shall speed in your journey's end, I think you'll never return to tell one." Or recall the story of Falstaff's last hours told by Mrs. Quickly: "Nay, sure, he's not in hell: he's in Arthur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's bosom. . . . for after I saw him fumble with the sheets, and play with flowers, and smile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was but one way: for his nose was sharp as a pen, and 'a babbled of green fields." "*How now,* Sir John? quoth I: *What, man! be of good cheer.* So 'a cried out: *God, God, God!* three or four times: now I, to comfort him, bid him 'a should not think of God: I hoped there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet." What a picture! That kindly, commonplace comforter of poor frail humanity standing out against, as in a Rembrandt etching, the shadow of death!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Indeed, behind true humor, howsoever dimly discerned and undefined, is some kind of philosophy of life. Its assumptions may be optimistic or at least melioristic. If so, the humor will be perhaps reverent to observe "some soul of goodness in things evil," at any rate, cheerful, and, it may be, even tenderly sympathetic. The assumptions of this latent philosophy may, on the other hand, be pessimistic. Then we may see the humorist, as it were, performing on a tight-rope of wit stretched over a yawning abyss of pessimism. Certain strongly marked varieties of humor may be accounted for largely by the standpoint taken and the view of things in general. The philosophy of life may pervert the humor, which thus may become soured. A very small amount of the dregs of pessimism may act as a kind of mother to turn to vinegar the sweet and kindly juice of humor. It may in like manner be converted into very vitriol that bites and eats into the object of scorn, as did the *saeva indignatio* of Swift, mighty genius, but himself, in his minanthropy, most wretched of men.

By reason of this connection with the serious and ideal, humor may be found in the highest company, in that of poetry, for example, although its free play is often too wanton to submit to the restraint of poetic form. Then, too, the presence of humor must depend on the nature of the man gifted with the vision and the faculty divine. Dante, in his awesome journey, was too solitary,

> "Voyaging through strange seas of thought, alone,"

and was too intense in his gaze upon things not of this world, to allow of the play of humor. For it, again, Milton dwelt too much apart, although some acquaintance therewith is manifested in "L'Allegro." Wordsworth took himself and his mission too seriously, not to say solemnly: his sense of humanity, moreover, was too thin and abstract, a matter of theory not of vital experience. The faintest whisper of humor, in friendly warning, would have saved him from leaving to posterity, along with some of the noblest verse in the English language, such lines as these:

> "Once more the Ass, with motion dull,
> Upon the pivot of his skull
> Turned round his long left ear."

With lofty epic or passionate lyric we might not expect to find humor associated, but rather with dramatic poetry. Not now to speak of Shakspere, take Goethe's Faust. Here is a robust

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sense of humanity. In the scene "Before the City-Gate," at sight of the Sunday pleasure-seeking throng, is voiced the fellow feeling with the children of men:

"Hier bin ich Mensch, hier darf ich's sein,"
("Here I am Man,—dare Man to be").

The humor of the poem, however, is concentrated in Mephistopheles. There is a pathetic touch of tenderness in recalling to Margaret her childhood's hours in church, and her prattle of prayers:

"Halb kinderspiele
Halb Gott im Herzen,"
("Half child's play, half God in the heart").

But in Mephistopheles it is not good humor, it is the humor of evil. It frolics in reckless wantonness. In the Classical Walpurgis-Night the nudity of the antique offends his scruples:

"Doch das Antike find' ich zu lebendig,"
("But the Antique is too lifelike for me").

This might be a satire of to-day upon Anthony Comstock! It is always the humor of evil, satiric, sarcastic, and mocking, sometimes sardonic and as biting and vitriolic as Swift's. It is so because it is aloof from, and at enmity against, humanity and human life. This Margaret intuitively detects. She ungrammatically complains of Mephistopheles:

"Man sieht, dass er an nichts keinen Anteil nimmt,"
("One sees that he takes no interest in nothing").

Another type of humor we find, for example, in Burns. He is outspokenly defiant in his freedom. Yet we feel him to be "a man for a' that." If there is biting satire, there is also the sympathy, as there is the pathos, of genuine humanity.

Of practical interest is the question concerning the association of humor with will-power. It has been held to be usually not compatible with force of will nor favorable to greatness in action. Lincoln's humor is unquestioned. A recent writer finds him in respect to this characteristic an exceptional instance of a great man. Certainly Lincoln's humor did not paralyze his power of resolution. "Wrapt in a most humorous sadness," he accomplished the Emancipation. It is true the sense of humor may give us pause and sometimes hold one back from a hasty initiative. It is a sense not possessed by the typical fanatic, who

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

often does things he would not did he have it. It may also put a check upon any overweening selfish ambition. On the other hand, humor's kinship with sympathy means alertness to human need and elicits one's interest away from self. It might save one from that despondent moodiness which plays with fancied and fantastic ills and which threatens paralysis of will. Humor abides not self-pity and works deliverance therefrom, meeting events with a front face and going forward in company with a brave patience, smiling at grief.

Humor, as we have noted, keeps no company with fanaticism, and is none the less to be esteemed for that. She is not likely to associate with anger or jealousy or any violent or insane passion. She is a foe to excess in any direction. Her habit is to "see life steadily and see it whole," not to see double, but to see the two sides of the same thing with sane, clear-eyed vision. While she has naught to do with the pessimism that despairs, she goes not the length of an unreasonable optimism that shuts its eyes to what comes short or crooked. She is well acquainted with complacent self-satisfaction and conceit and arrogance and the sisterhood bearing the family likeness of pretentiousness, be it of purse-pride or pedantry or pedigree, but endures to be in their company only long enough to puncture the inflation and expose the sham. She takes not herself too seriously nor thinks of herself more highly than she ought to think. From the vulgarity, which means lack of simplicity and ignoble content with low standards or no standards, she has her safeguard in those standards and ideals in measurement wherewith the actual falls so incongruously short.

Humor dwells with sanity and common sense and truth. Her sisters are sympathy and humanity. Beside her walks a noble seriousness. The mentor whose influence she obeys is a veiled reverence for certain ideals. Her close companions and friends are generous tolerance and magnanimity and that divine charity which vaunteth not herself, is not puffed up, doth not behave herself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil.

CHAUNCEY B. BREWSTER.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FIONA MACLEOD AND HER CREATOR WILLIAM SHARP.*

BY CATHARINE A. JANVIER.

In December of the year 1894, my husband and I were living in Saint-Remy-de-Provence, an out-of-the-way little South-French town where nothing ever happened. So uneventful was the passing of time that my memory holds firm to a day when the Postmistress—the Post-office stood next door to our dwelling-place—sent word that she would be glad to see me for an affair of importance.

As I entered her office, she stepped forward and, with a smile and a little bow, handed me a registered foreign package—this was the affair of importance—and with it a foreign letter superscribed in the familiar handwriting of our long-time friend, William Sharp. The package was addressed in the script—then strange to me—of his sister, Miss Mary B. Sharp: the script that later came to be known as the handwriting of Fiona Macleod. It contained a slim green book, inviting to the eye and to the touch, belonging to the "Regent Library" series published in Derby by Frank Murray—a series with which I was familiar through "Vistas," sent to me in the preceding March by its author, William Sharp. The little pale-green book was entitled: "Pharais: A Romance of the Isles, by Fiona Macleod." Of this writer I never had heard. No inscription indicated the sender of the book. Laying it aside, I opened the letter, which had been written in South Hampstead, and bore the date of December, 1894.

After wishing a Happy Christmas to me and to my husband, Mr. Sharp continued: "Herewith I am sending to you, through

* This article embodies the substance of a paper read before the Aberdeen Branch of the Franco-Scottish Society, June 8, 1906.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

my sister in Edinburgh, with whom I left it the other day, a copy of a book which has made a deep impression here. I know the author: and wish you would tell me just what you think of 'Pharais.'"

Before recording my answer, I pause and—in a somewhat personal digression—I will tell of a wandering letter bearing on "Pharais" *before* the time of Fiona Macleod.

In the spring of 1893, my husband and I left New York; and, mainly in search of health for me, we went from seashore to mountain, and again from mountain to seashore, at last returning for a while to New York: whence, in 1894, we sailed for what was expected to be a summer's stay in Europe. The summer's stay lengthened into a seven years' absence, and it was near eight years after it was written that I found and consciously read this letter. The postmarks on it show how it had followed us from place to place in America; but I have no recollection of ever seeing it, nor do I know how it found its way into a bundle of family papers sent to a storehouse for safe-keeping during our absence.

When—nine years after it was written—I showed this letter to Mr. Sharp, he was much surprised at its mention of "Pharais"; for he had as totally forgotten the writing as I had the reading—if ever I did read it—of that mislaid letter which here is quoted. It is dated St. Andrews, 12th August, 1893:

"Your letter from Narragansett has just reached me. . . . The white flowers you speak of are the moon-daisies, are they not?—what we call moon-flowers in the west of Scotland—and ox-eye daisies in England—and marguérites in France. Your description of them as seen in that nocturnal glamour is worthy of any Celtic poet from Muireadach Albannach down to Duncanban MacIntyre—a seven-centuries compliment!

"It is very strange that you should write about them to me just as I was working out a scene in a strange Celtic tale I am writing (called '*Pharais*') wherein the weird charm and terror of a night of tragic significance is brought home to the reader (or I hope so) by a stretch of dew-wet moon-flowers glimmering white through the mirk of a dusk laden with sea-mist. Though this actual scene was written a year or two ago—and one or two others of the first part of 'Pharais'—I am going to rewrite it, your letter having brought some subtle inspiration with it.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"'Pharais' is a foil to the other long story I am working at. While it is full of Celtic romance and dream and the glamour of the mysterious, the other ["Wives in Exile"] is a comedy of errors. . . . In both, at least the plot, the central action, the germinal *motif*, is original: though I for one lay little stress on extraneous originality in comparison with that inner originality which alone has the invincibility of individual life."

Quitting now the letter telling of the writing of "Pharais," I return to Saint-Remy and to the book purporting to be written by Fiona Macleod.

In my first reading of this romance of the Isles, I could not pause for critical observation, so swiftly was I carried on by a current of astonished interest. In an attentive rereading, here and there I was arrested by a familiar trick of word or phrase. When I read of Lora and of Alasdair entering the mist-veiled "sea of death-white blooms," my mind flew back to a time when *I* had seen a field of tall white flowers fading dimly into moon-rayed mist, and it came to me that once I had described those mist-veiled daisies to William Sharp. Conviction flashed into my mind: I wrote saying that, for sure, William Sharp and Fiona Macleod were one. The answer came swift:

"LONDON, *January 5th, 1895.*

"Early to-morrow morning I leave for the Isle of Wight for a fortnight. . . . I hope to send you a letter soon from the beautiful place by the sea where we are going to. It will be a letter from Fiona Macleod.

"Yes, 'Pharais' *is* mine. It is a book out of my heart, out of the core of my heart. I wrote it with the pen dipped in the very ichor of my life.

"It has reached people even more than I dreamed of as likely. . . . Ignored in some quarters, abused in others, unheeded by the 'general reader,' it has yet had a reception that has made me deeply glad. It is the beginning of my true work. Only one or two know I am Fiona Macleod. Let you and my dear T. A. J. preserve my secret. I trust you. . . . You will find more of me in 'Pharais' than in anything else I have written.

"Apropos of what you say about the 'Chant of Women,' I had a letter (or, rather, F. M. had) the other day from Wm. Yeats. He wrote for himself and for Dr. Douglas Hyde, the famous Celtic critic. They say that if the 'Chant of Women' is ancient, it is the most remarkable thing in Celtic literature: if my own, that it is 'convincing proof of rare genius.' I tell you this frankly, for I know you will be glad.*

". . . Let me add that you will find 'The Mountain Lovers' (at which

* It is with Dr. Hyde's permission that this quotation is reproduced.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I am now working when I can) more elemental still than 'Pharais,' while simpler. In the late spring an American firm is to publish a volume of six strange Celtic short stories by me (F. M.) which will be called after the first, 'The Sin-Eater.'

"Do write to me more fully about 'Pharais,' as you promise. It will help me in more ways than you know."

I wrote, and in my letter I asked why he—a man—chose to send forth good work under the signature of a woman. The answer to this question was:

"I can write out of my heart in a way I could not do as William Sharp, and indeed that I could not do if I were the woman whom Fiona Macleod is supposed to be, unless veiled in scrupulous anonymity. . . .

"This rapt sense of oneness with nature, this *cosmic ecstasy* and elation, this wayfaring along the extreme verges of the common world, all this is so wrought up with the romance of life, that I could not bring myself to expression by my outer self, insistent and tyrannical as that need is. . . . My truest self, the self who is below all other selves, and my most intimate life and joys and sufferings, thoughts, emotions and dreams, *must* find expression, yet I cannot, save in this hidden way."

And to this hidden way he adhered steadfastly until the end.

Although taken from a later letter (July, 1896), I give here this reference to the name—Fiona Macleod:

"The *name* was born naturally. Of course, I had associations with the name Macleod. Fiona's is very rare now. Most Highlanders would tell you it was extinct—even as the diminutive of Fionaghal (Flora). But it is not. It is an old Celtic name (meaning 'a fair maid') still occasionally to be found. I know a little girl, the daughter of a Highland clergyman, who is called Fiona."

In April of 1896, there had come to Saint-Remy a letter telling of the dedication of "The Washer of the Ford," and saying: "If a book can have a soul that book has one." This volume of Fiona's work should have reached Saint-Remy at Bealtaine; but it did not arrive until the 12th of May, and in its stead there came, on the 1st of May, an especially printed and bound copy of the Prologue, and a letter stating that the Prologue had been "materially improved and strengthened and largely added to."

I refer to this because a little later Mr. Sharp gave me the original draft of this Prologue, written partly with pen and partly with pencil.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For the student of Fiona Macleod it is instructive to compare draft and printed page; to note the precise choice of word, the careful ordering of phrase and placing of paragraph. This same painstaking precision is shown in some other manuscripts and corrected proof in my possession. Never was there a more careful writer than Fiona Macleod, while of her creator this cannot always be said.

In December of 1896—preceded by the announcement that he was old and gray-haired—William Sharp, superb as a young viking, burst in on us in quiet Saint-Remy.

After the excitement of the first joyous meeting was over, it was plain to see that this magnificent presence gave false promise. He was exhausted by the long strain of double work and had been ordered away from the smoke and fog of London to the sunshine of the Riviera, there to seek the rest he nowhere had found.

While with us strange moods possessed him; and, perhaps because of these, strange things happened. At times it was as though he struggled against an evil influence; was forcing back a dark tide ever threatening to overwhelm his soul. Warring presences were about him, he thought; and he believed that these must be conquered, even at the risk of life. The culminating struggle came, and through one winter night my husband watched over him as he battled against some unseen but not unfelt influence. The fight was won, the dark tide stemmed, but at great cost of vitality, his victory leaving him faint and exhausted. "Nevermore," he told us, "would he tamper with certain forces, for such tampering might mean destruction."

Now, in different mood—he was a man of many moods—he began to take great comfort in our quiet little town with its pretty old-fashioned ways. The quaint Christmas doings were a delight to him; but when Christmas was over—in pursuance of his doctor's orders, which he had disobeyed by remaining in colder Saint-Remy—he left us for the warmer Riviera, where he wandered restlessly from place to place. The opening of the new year of 1897 found him at Sainte-Maxime, where seemingly he craved help and companionship in a way foreign to his self-sufficing nature. He wrote that he felt lonely; and he ended a pelting shower of telegrams by reappearing in Saint-Remy with

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the statement that he wished to be looked after and to be made much of.

During this second stay with us, he was utterly unlike the mystery-surrounded, dual-natured dreamer of his previous visit: he was William Sharp, and William Sharp in his blythest mood. Though Fiona might smile, it is impossible to imagine her as bursting into a hearty laugh; while her creator could be the gayest of companions, full of fun and frolic, displaying at times a Pucklike impishness worthy of a twelve-year-old boy. He left our town in this joyous trim, waving his blue béret from the carriage window until the train was out of sight.

Not long after the appearance of Fiona's first publications, the assertion was made by some of her critics that her books were read only in a small literary set: a possibility that to her creator —who above all sought to reach the hearts of his own people— at times was deeply depressing. In one of these seasons of discouragement, by a fortunate chance, he was cheered and heartened by a little happening in which I had a share.

In 1898, we had joined Mr. and Mrs. Sharp in Scotland. One day, in quest of some Fiona lore, Mr. Sharp and I rowed to a point of rocks jutting out into the Clyde — "Ruadh nan Eoin" he called it. As we rounded the point, we saw lying at anchor a fishing-boat painted white; and as we neared her I made out what looked like Fiona lettered on her bow. I did not think this possible, and concluded it must be Flora; but on closer view we saw plainly the unusual name, "Fiona." And then, as we came beside the supposedly empty boat, we were a little startled by the slow uprising above the rail of a man. He was a pleasant-faced fisher who readily answered all our questions.

Mr. Sharp said to him: "That's a pretty name of your boat. For sure, it's a real name?"

The man answered in a very soft, agreeable voice: "Oh yes; for sure it's a real name."

"And will it be the name of some one you know?"

"Ay, I've heard that the daughter of Mr. McLane—the minister out Iona way—is called Fiona."

"Ah then, it will be after her?"

"No, no; for sure, it wasn't after her."

"Then it will be after your wife or your sweetheart?"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Ah, no, it only will be after a writing lady, a great Highland lady."

"Oh, a writing lady. Who will that be?"

"Well, she will be called Miss Fiona Macleod."

"Oh, then you know Miss Macleod?"

"No, but I read a story of hers in the Oban 'Times,' or in some other paper; and, after, I read one of her books about Iona —and so I just called my new boat for her. Oh, she's a great writing lady! And for that, sure, I'm a Macleod, too."

"Oh then, are you a Macleod?"

"Oh yes, my mother was a Macleod."

"Slain leibh!"

And, well content, we rowed to shore.

During the years immediately following the appearance of "Pharais," much work was produced under the signature of Fiona Macleod. In 1895, "The Mountain Lovers" and "The Sin-Eater" were published. In 1896, "The Washer of the Ford"; a romance entitled "Green Fire"; and a volume of poems: "From the Hills of Dream"—"the sacredest of all Fiona's books," wrote the author. In 1897, "The Laughter of Peterkin," some new tales and several rearrangements and reprints of old ones, came out.

While these years passed away bearing their tale of work by Fiona Macleod, William Sharp in rapid succession had brought forth books, essays, critical and other articles. So great was the amount of this double work that it disconcerted those seekers who, suspecting the identity of the two writers, would pry into the secret of Fiona's existence. Well that so it was, for the discovery would have put an end to Fiona's work. Her creator was wont to say: "Should that secret be found out, Fiona dies."

After recording this emphatic saying, I think it pertinent to mention that it is at William Sharp's request that I have kept the letters and papers which I cite. On several occasions I spoke with him concerning their ultimate disposition. The last time of speaking was on the 25th of November of 1904 in New York: when he answered decisively, after careful deliberation: "Keep all these papers. Who knows what may happen after my death? These letters and papers—should proof ever be needed—are proof positive that I am Fiona Macleod."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It was but a little more than a year after this conference that the sudden revelation of the identity of William Sharp and Fiona Macleod surprised many people; and, most of all, Fiona's numerous correspondents. Women, I take it, were not displeased to find that they had been writing to a man; but for men, I fancy, it was an unpleasant shock to discover that Fiona was one of themselves.

The revelation has given rise to much lively discussion concerning the work put forth under the two names. Many suggestions have been made as to the explanation of its double character. It has been hinted that William Sharp was one of those beings of double consciousness who live two separate lives: the one life having no remembrance of the actions performed in the other. This notion is untenable, and is disproved by the letters herein quoted. The letter of the 12th of August, 1893, shows how long "Pharais" was in the writing, and also proves that the name under which it was published was an afterthought.

In a way, Fiona was evolved gradually; and, did space permit, it would be interesting to trace in full her evolution: very easily traceable, it seems to me, through William Sharp's earlier work. Already in "The Human Inheritance" (1882) faint echoes of Fiona's voice come to listening ears. In "Earth's Voices" (1884) and again in "Romantic Ballads and Poems of Fantasy" (1886) her low tones are heard. In that *tour de force,* "The Pagan Review," she inspired several pages; while in some of the papers afterward put together in "Vistas," and in "Ecce Puella," and also here and there in the "*Sospiri di Roma,*" the touch clearly is hers.

As the years went on, the scope of Fiona's writing was greatly widened; and, toward the end of William Sharp's life, work that —to my mind—she could not have done was produced under her name. Once I called his attention to this: asking him how he could account for the extraordinary erudition of this Highland lady, and questioning how it was possible she could have so perfect a familiarity, not only with Greek and Latin writers, but also with authors scarcely known save to especial students. "You will betray," I said, "that it is William Sharp who writes." He took my remonstrance with the utmost good-humor and acknowledged the justness of it; but, so far as I have seen, he never lessened the extent of Fiona's learning.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In her early writings, Fiona made no display of this diffuse erudition. What she then published had a strong Gaelic or Celtic trend; to use her own words, it "was lighted by a Celtic torch." And all of this work differed so greatly in style from anything that William Sharp had produced that the unlikeness was pointed out in triumphant refutation of the two writers being one.

There was interest in watching, as sometimes we could do, the growth of a Fiona story. In Saint-Remy, during his visits to us there, Mr. Sharp wrote and read to us some of Fiona's work. Again, during an August our two families spent together at Southwold, he did much writing under conditions apparently adverse to poetic or mystic production.

He was fond of working in the open air; and, when the mood seized him, he would sit for hours just outside of the cottage (which had no garden in front), with people passing to and fro, calmly writing—generally with pencil—on a pad of green or of blue paper. Should one of us approach him, either a restraining hand repelled us, or he beckoned us to come near. When his writing was finished, we listened to the Fiona tale or poem or essay. We women commonly had little to say except in praise, but the two men often wrangled hotly over word or form of sentence.

It was strange how, among us—who knew of her non-existence—Fiona little by little grew to seem a real personage. This was the more so because, principally to guard against any betrayal of the secret, we and others made a point of speaking of Fiona by name. "What is Fiona doing to-day?" one of us, with unconscious gravity, would ask her maker; and with equal gravity he would tell what Fiona had in hand.

Now and then, indeed, her creator's sense of fun, and his delight in mystification, carried him far away from any gravity. In these freakish moments, he would tell to us—and, no doubt, to others—wild tales of the doings of this Highland lady: who to him was a real person; or, as it might more correctly be stated, was a real dominating influence. Yet the true Fiona mood or inspiration could not be compelled. It was a wind of the spirit that came and went as it listed. Its presence was evident, though at times its manifestation was in words which were spoken, not written, and so were lost.

As long ago as the Autumn of 1895, William Sharp wrote:

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Sometimes I am tempted to believe that I am half a woman, and so far saved as I am by the hazard of chance from what a woman can be made to suffer if one let the light of the common day illuminate the avenues and vistas of her heart."

Fancifully as this was meant, to those who knew him well there is deep insight in these words, and in others of a like sort that he uttered—almost tempting one to believe that two differing influences did impel his complex being, or as though some far-off, unknowable pointsman shunted thought from one line to another. At times the wished-for way was closed to him. Despondent, he writes in 1896: "To-day there is sad need of inspiration, perhaps F. M. is dead." But soon comes the triumphant disclaimer: "Will and Fiona are well, eager, hopeful. No, you are right: Fiona is *not* dead!" Again and again he writes of this definite Fiona mood or inspiration, and now and then discourses seriously on the possibility of a man's and a woman's soul dwelling in one body. This is debatable ground, into which I do not propose to enter. What is certain is that William Sharp had no common nature, and that those in close relationship with him now and then had glimpses of the strange workings of a strange mind.

From the beginning, he took a serious view of his poetic work. I am permitted to quote from a letter referring to the time shortly after the publication of his first volume of poems in 1882:

"You ask about our acquaintance with Willie Sharp. Yes, we knew him well in the days when we all were gay and young. . . . . He was a very nice-looking amiable young fellow whom every one liked, very earnest and with great notions of his own mission as regards Poetry, which he took *very* seriously. He used to have the saving grace of *fun*—which kept him sweet and wholesome—otherwise he might have fallen into the morbid set."

This feeling of responsibility, of having a message to deliver, he shared with many poets and imaginative writers. He felt himself to be but a transmitter, a magic wire through which nature, and perhaps a power beyond nature, were flashing a message to man's cognizance; and eventually he came to feel that certain tidings were to be delivered only in Fiona's words. From Ireland, in October, 1897, he wrote:

"I hope to be dreaming in that old castle in what the Gaels called Far Connaught. Think of me there at the extreme verge of the passing Celtic world. There I know that some spiritual tidings or summons await me."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

To him spiritual tidings always were very real; and gladly, through Fiona, he gave them to the world—where they have reached receptive minds. With the passing of time the message has been more and more fully delivered. Fiona's mystical essays, her poems and her romances, gain wider and wider spread of effluence, so reaching unexpected strands.

In order to describe the characteristics of the mind of the creator of Fiona Macleod, it hardly seems necessary to recur to any mysterious or out-of-the-common explanation. A visionary trend of spirit surely is normal in one who truly felt himself to be kindred not only to "the wild beast and the wood-dove," but "to the green tree and the green grass, to the blue wave and the flowing wind, the flower of a day and the granite peak of an æon."

From childhood to boyhood, from boyhood into youth, William Sharp lived in rare communion with nature; with "Madonna Natura," whom lovingly and reverently he invoked in "Earth's Voices" published as long ago as 1884. And, in return for his love and worship, Nature departed from her reserve and taught him what seldom she teaches man; vouchsafing him glimpses of mysteries jealously shielded from human sight. Cathal of the Woods she made him: giving him clear vision of the green life; tuning his heart-strings so that they would thrill to the rapture of the wilderness, to that ecstasy of wind and wave known to so few of us. He writes of himself as one who "is really an estray here from another time and people, with a life strangely different from others, and having a close kinship with, and knowledge of certain mysteries of nature."

In youth and in young manhood romance and wild adventure sought him out in Highland and in Lowland, in the arid plains of far Australia, in lonely coral-cinctured islands and in crowded Europe. When young manhood had fled and full manhood was come, Madonna Natura plucked him away from vain delight and bade him enter the austere service of that Beauty who the master—Plato—tells us, "is not like any face or hands or bodily thing; it is not word nor thought; it is not in something else, neither living thing, nor earth nor heaven; only by itself in its own way in one form it forever is."

For a while he stood bewildered, uncertain how this service must be rendered. He looked about him until, nature-taught, he

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

knew. In the wane of a long past year he wrote, modestly, yet with conviction: "I stand at the verge of great things. I know it now and have dreamed overlong, and I have had so much to learn and to unlearn." Upheld by this right understanding, his way was clear before him, and it was with strong heart and steadfast purpose and consistent design that he began his new work. In his own words: "When once the Spirit of Beauty has entered into the inward life, there is no turning from that divine service, whatsoever of hard patience or long sorrow be involved." With the share of sorrow that must come with all divine service, William Sharp possessed that "certain infinite patience of the will which has a power beyond expression"; a power compelling nature to teach all things to those who know how to seek her.

Here there is neither time nor space to refer to the principal characters in Fiona's works, nor to speak of the admirable delineation of women in them. All of the women—even the wholly savage ones—are possible women, not the lay-figures so often seen in stories and romances. Her romantic heroines are fine, strong, brave creatures to whom a lover well may sing:

> "Sweet Heart, true heart, strong heart, star of my life, oh never
> For thee the lowered banner, the lost endeavour!"

But leaving aside the principal characters of Fiona's stories and romances, I fain would draw attention to the careful limning—often with but a few light strokes—of some lovable and simple women, minor personages in her work. One of these women is Anne Gillespie, who first appears in the "Dan-nan-ròn." Serenely unconscious of sinful strife; standing out against her dark background of murderous hate and cold malice, she treads her chosen way. In "Pharais"—while Lora's vain struggle against the slow advance of merciless fate is the main theme of the book—Mary Maclean redeems the piteous tragedy by her always calm, strong and tranquilly helpful presence. In her eyes was "the secret home of peace, and perhaps, deeper, the unveiled beauty of the serene and lovely soul."

In "Pharais," also, appears Ealasaid—the first of the old women so tenderly depicted by Fiona—who later, in "The Anointed Man," tells how fairy hands, reaching up through heather bloom, touched the eyes of Alison Achanna, so that ever after he saw

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

beauty where other eyes saw naught but ugliness. This same nature-touch gave power to Fiona to catch the gleam of a white soul through the dark smirch of sin; to perceive beyond the dreamy lives, the bitter loneliness, the bitter patience of life-weary old women, the hidden loveliness of old age. Gazing out on bleak sodden pastures of life, Fiona could cry with Alison: "Oh God, how beautiful is this lovely world!"

She shows us the gentle soul of lonely old Ealasaid, the widow of Duncan Mac Aodh, as she kneels in prayer: unknowing that her shamed death-wishers are watching the look of "pathetic yearning as it strains a white and beautiful peace from unrepining grief."

Sheen Macarthur is as a clear lamp shining through the tragic mirk of the "Sin-Eater." In her forlorn life (with no shirking of sordid detail), wet and draggled, bowed down under her burden of peat, the patient, weary, old woman comes before us. "The rain trickled down her withered brown face, over which the thin gray locks hung limply. It was only in the deep-set eyes that the flame of life still glimmered, though that dimly." To a nigh-distraught man, Sheen yields her poor bed and her poor food and —supreme sacrifice—she gives him her Sunday pipeful of tobacco, her one solace in the long weary week: "She held a burning peat to his mouth, and hungered over the thin rank smoke that curled upward."

In this the clear sight of the true seer pierces to eternal truth. Place and time are immaterial; the much-talked-of "Celtic glamour" is but an accident. Fear-chased, distraught, self-tortured minds are found elsewhere than in Celtdom, and old Sheen is in all lands.

Surely one of the loveliest of old women is the mother in "The Fisher of Men" — Sheen nic Leoid, the "grey sweetheart" of her son Alasdair; Sheen, whose white soul went forth to meet Iosa Mac Dhe in the Shadowy Glen.

The time drew near when William Sharp must pass through this same Shadowy Glen to where:

> "The moonlight of a perfect peace
> Floods heart and brain."

Mind and body had been strained to the utmost by the past years of intense mental activity, of stress of spirit and also of hard

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and frequently incongenial task work. A great weariness came upon him. He craved rest, but took little of it. Toward the end, his illness became very evident; yet so wonderful was his vitality and so extraordinary his power of steady labor, that it seemed impossible that his ardent life could be quenched. If at times his buoyant nature was submerged by pain and weariness, bright hope soon rose afresh: stimulated by his healthful love of life, and still more by his love of—to use his own phrase—"art, the quintessence of life; a grave ecstasy." In August, 1891, he wrote:

"Life is so unutterably precious that I cannot but rejoice daily that I am alive: and yet I have no fear of, or even regret at the thought of death. . . . There are many things far worse than death. When it comes, it comes. But meanwhile we are alive. The death of the power to live is the only death to be dreaded."

Twelve years later, in 1903—after three days of torturing surgery—he wrote:

"You are not to worry yourself about me. I'm all right, and as cheerful as a lark—let us say as a lark with a rheumatic wheeze in its little song-box or gout in its little off-claw. . . . Anyway, I'll laugh and be glad to take life as I find it, till the End. The best prayer for me is that I may live vividly till 'Finis,' and work up to the last hour."

This prayer was granted; and his gay defiance of physical suffering, and his scorn of yielding to it, stayed with him until the end. The last word I have in his handwriting is dated the 9th of December, 1905. After briefly telling of his illness, he continues: "I hope and expect to be all right before Tuesday;" and in a letter dictated on the 11th of December—the day before he died—he added: "There is no need for anxiety, the worst is over and I soon shall be up again."

Despite this indomitable cheerfulness, he long had known how death ever lurked very near to him. But he feared death not at all. He regarded the quitting of life with a serene curiosity, looking upon it as the means of solving many problems that had puzzled him. Also, he took a grave interest in learning just how the great change would come as he passed away. In this calm view there was nothing morbid. His lifelong outlook upon death—or, rather, upon the continuance of conscious life after death—consistently continued to be that which he proclaimed in the strength of his joyous young manhood:

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Each death is but a birth, a change—
Each soul through myriad byeways strange,
Through birth and death, doth upward range."

During the passing years, William Sharp under his own name, and later—through Fiona Macleod—again and again repeated that to die is to pass into new life. In 1899, through the medium of "The Divine Adventure," he soberly, deliberately and conclusively has set forth his affirmative answer to the oft-asked question as to the existence of conscious life after death. Five years later, in "The Winged Destiny," he repeated in other words the truth so evident to him; and in a letter written but a few weeks before his death, he said to me: "To die is to pass to a fuller, deeper life."

William Sharp died on the 12th of December, 1905. On the day after his death, his wife wrote telling us of the peaceful ending of that ardent life; of the quiet going of that passionate soul, that fared forth into silence with the glad words: "All is well."

CATHARINE A. JANVIER.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE FIRST HOUSE OF BURGESSES.

BY KATE LANGLEY BOSHER.

EACH century, as each generation, has its formative years, its periods of problems, its times for action which is not uncertain; but perhaps no year in American history is more significant in impulse or suggestive in operation than the year 1619, when the first legislative Assembly in America was held at Jamestown, Virginia.

To understand even in part what such an Assembly represented one should recall the experiences of the Colonists during the twelve years preceding it, years of unbelievable hardships, of death by fever and pestilence, by Indian treachery, by cold and starvation; years full of misrule, of cruel disregard of human life and of selfish unconcern on the part of those in authority. From even a glance over the pages of such times the marvel grows that the colony survived to tell the story of its stupendous struggle against odds too terrible to be realized to-day. Owing to a fortunate discovery by Bancroft, the historian, of certain old chronicles in the London Record Office, and by the aid of the record of the proceedings of this first legislative Assembly kept by John Pory, its Speaker, some insight is gained into the conditions existing during these first twelve years. From these documents much light has been thrown upon a period of history peculiarly powerful in purpose and far-reaching in results; and from them can be obtained some idea of the debt Democracy owes to the initial movement in that direction made by the early fathers in their efforts to secure local self-government and to inaugurate the principle of the representation of the people by the people.

In this "Briefe Declaration of the Plantation of Virginia During the first twelve years when Sir Thomas Smith was Governor

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the Companie and down to the present time by the Ancient Planters nowe remaininge alive in Virginia, 1624," we learn something of how so hazardous an undertaking as the establishment of that colony was advertised, and while in matters of material progress the London Company who organized the expeditions to America was centuries behind the present day, in clever phrasing and alluring promises, it was the peer of the most modern promoters.

"Whereas in the beginninge of Sir Thomas Smith's twelve years' government it was published in printe throughout the Kingdom of Englande that a Plantation should be settled in Virginia for the glorie of God in the propogation of the Gospell of Christ, the conversion of the Savages, to the honour of his Majesty by the enlargeinge of his territories and future enrichinge of his kingdom, for which respects many noble and well-minded persons were induced to adventure great sums of money to the advancement of soe pious and noble a work, who have from the very first been frustrate of their expectation, as we conceive, by the misgovernment of Sir Thomas Smith's aiminge at nothing more than a perticular gaine, to be raised out of the labours of such as both voluntarilie adventured themselves or were otherwise sent over at the common charge. This will clearly appeare in the examination of the first expedition and several supplies in the tyme of his government."

So reads the old chronicle, explaining in part how the colonization was first exploited, but owing to their ignorance of the true condition of affairs during these first twelve years those colonists who followed the earlier expeditions were unprepared for what awaited them; and that they did not return to England was due to conditions that prevented them rather than to any desire to remain.

Letters from these first settlers to their friends at home were also, for a while, intercepted by direction of Sir Thomas Smith, who ordered that "all men's letters should be searched at the goinge away of ships, and if in any of them were found that the estate of the Collony was declared they were presented to the Governor and the indighters of them severely punished, by which means noe man durst make any true relation to his friends of his own or the Collony's true estate, neither was it permitted any one to have pass to go home, but by force were kept heere and employed as we have saide." In 1619 relief came, however, in the return of Sir George Yeardley, bringing certain commissions and instructions from the Company,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"for the better establishing of a Commonwealth heere wherein order was taken for the removinge of all those grievances which formerly were suffered &&, and farther that free liberty was given to all men to make choice of their dividents of land, and as their abilities and means would permit to possesse and plant upon them. And that they might have a hand in the governinge of themselves it was granted that a general Assemblie should be held yearly once whereat were to be present the Governor and Councill with two Burgesses from each plantation freely to be elected by the inhabitants thereof—this Assemblie to have power to make and ordaine whatsoever laws and orders should by them be thought good and proffitable for our subsistance."

The issuance of such orders was pregnant with possibilities beyond the vision of those who created them or of those who promptly put them into execution, and they knew not that the future prosperity of the country, at whose birth they had been present, together with its hope and happiness, would be but the outgrowth of the principle of the right of the people to govern themselves, a right exercised through their chosen representatives. And in the institution of the House of Burgesses by the Jamestown Colonists this idea found expression some seventeen months before the Pilgrims set foot ashore at Plymouth and makes the year a potent one in American history.

This first legislative body of Englishmen in America was called together in the wooden church at Jamestown on the 30th of July, 1619, and as each of the eleven local constituencies, under the various designations of city, plantation and hundred, sent two representatives called Burgesses, the Assembly was called the House of Burgesses and continued to be so called from 1619 until 1776. In addition to the Burgesses proper there was also the Council, the members of which, with the Governor, constituted, together with the Burgesses, a General Assembly essentially similar to the old English county court and to the two legislative bodies of a large part of the world of to-day.

Its first meeting, as has been said, was held in the Episcopal Church, a wooden building sixty feet long and twenty-four feet wide, the session lasting from July 30th through August 4th. A green velvet chair was placed in the choir, in which the Governor sat, and on the morning in which he took his seat in it pomp and ceremony were not lacking. Accompanied by the Councillors and officers of the Colony, with a guard of Halberdiers dressed in the Governor's livery, he went in state to the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

church, and behind his attendants walked the twenty-two newly elected Burgesses. It is stated that Governor Yeardley had caused the building to be "kept passing sweet and trimmed up with divers flowers," the Virginian flowers of trumpet-creeper and white honeysuckle, and clematis and sweetbriar, and swamp-roses and lilies, and here, after the Governor and the Secretary, later appointed Speaker, and the Clerk and Sergeant, together with the Council of Estate and the Burgesses had been properly arranged, prayer was said by Mr. Burke, after which every man "took the oath of Supremacy and then entered the Assembly."

The personnel of this body is not without interest. In a valuable paper prepared some time ago for the Virginian Historical Society by Mr. William Wirt Henry, of Virginia, he tells us something of those who composed it, and it is interesting to note that as a rule the character of its members justified their assumption of official duties, and that they played well their part is evidenced by the permanent hold their principles took upon the future political life of the nation.

Of those who took part in the deliberations of this body was, first, the Governor, Sir George Yeardley, the cousin to the stepfather of John Harvard, the founder of Harvard College; while among the Councillors were Captain Francis West, the son of Sir Thomas West, the second Lord De La Warr, a direct descendant of William the Conqueror; Captain Nathaniel Powell, a man of culture who kept an account of occurrences in the Colony which were freely used by Captain Smith in his "History of Virginia"; John Rolfe who married the Princess Pocahontas; the Rev. William Wickham, a man of prominent family who added the dignity of the clergy to the Assembly; Captain Samuel Maycock, a Cambridge scholar and a gentleman of "birth, virtue and industry"; John Pory, Secretary of the Colony, who sat as its Speaker, also an accomplished scholar and great traveller. Educated at Cambridge, he had served in Parliament and was able to give order to their proceedings; while John Twine, Clerk and Thomas Pierce, Sergeant, are names well known to students of English jurisprudence, each being actors in a famous litigation suit.

Among the Burgesses were Captain William Powell and Ensign William Spence, sitting for James City, while the representatives of Charles City were Samuel Sharp and Samuel Jordon.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Thomas Dowse and John Polentine represented the City of Henricus, located at what is now Dutch Gap, and for Kiccowtan, afterwards called Hampton, Captain William Tucker and William Capps sat, the one a merchant and trader, the other an ancient planter. From Smythe's Hundred came Captain Thomas Graves, and Mr. Walter Shelly, concerning whom a brief entry was made in the Journal to the effect "that on Sunday, August 1st, Mr. Shelly, one of the Burgesses deceased."

The representatives for Martin's Hundred were John Boys and John Jackson, while Captain Pawlett and Mr. Gourgaing represented Argall's Guifte. (In 1637 Captain Pawlett owned Westover, which he left to his brother, Lord Pawlett.) Flower dieu Hundred was represented by Ensign Rosingham, a nephew of the Governor, and Mr. Jefferson, with whom Thomas Jefferson claimed relationship. Captain Christopher Lawne and Ensign Washer represented Captain Lawne's Plantation, afterwards known as the Isle of Wight Plantation, while Captain Warde's Plantation, only commenced in 1618, was represented by Captain Warde and Lieutenant Gibbs. Thomas Davis and Robert Stacy, who had been sent from Captain John Martin's Plantation, were excluded from the Assembly. The Rev. Richard Bucke, the officiating minister, was educated at Oxford and was a learned and able divine, a great friend of John Rolfe, whose marriage ceremony to the Princess Pocahontas he performed.

From the above list it can be seen that this first legislative Assembly was small in number, but its purposes were large and uncompromising, and though after a session of only five days it adjourned, "Being constrained by the intemperature of the weather and the falling sick of diverse of the Burgesses to break up so abruptly—before they had so much as putt their lawes to engrossing—this they wholly committed to the fidelity of their Speaker," they nevertheless in those five days accomplished much.

Just conceptions of their right as a new Assembly were recognized promptly, and in the exercise of them they excluded the delegates sent from Captain John Martin's Plantation because by the provisions of his patent he appeared to be exempt from the general form of government which had been given the Colony.

The roll thus having been purged, the Assembly proceeded to business, and among its acts are many that indicate its temper and character. Various petitions were ordered sent to the Virginia

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Company in London, petitions wisely framed in view of the needs of the Colony, among them being one that "towards the erecting of the university and college they shall sende when they shall think it most convenient workmen of all sortes fit for that purpose," thus showing their desire to establish at once an institution where the youth of the Colony could be properly educated.

After discussion of the great "Charter of Lawes, Orders and Privileges" had been concluded, "debating of such instructions given by the Counsell in Englande to several Governor's as might be converted into lawes" was next entered into with the result that the value of tobacco, to be taken either for commodities or for bills, was fixed. Laws were passed against drunkenness and excess in apparel, and also concerning intercourse with the Indians, and relative to educating and Christianizing them; laws relating to the planting of mulberry-trees, silk-flax, hemp and grape-vines; to the regulation of contracts with tradespeople, tenants and servants, and to many other things. Ministers were required to conduct worship according to the laws and orders of the Church of England, and to catechize every Sunday afternoon those not yet ripe to come to the communion. All persons were required to attend divine service on the Sabbath day, the men to come with their firearms, and every male above sixteen was compelled to contribute one pound of tobacco to the Speaker, Clerk and Sergeant. At the conclusion of the session several petitions were offered to the London Company, the last two of which are in the following words:

"Thirdly, the General Assembly doth humbly beseech the said Treasurer, Councill and Company that albeit it belongeth to them onely to allowe or to abrogate any lawes which we shall here make, and that it is their right so to doe, yet that it would please them not to take it in ill parte if these lawes which we have nowe brought to light do pass current and be of force till such time as we may know their farther pleasure out of Englande in, for otherwise this people (who nowe at length have gotten the raines of former servitude into their own swindge) would in short time grow so insolent as they would shake off all government and there would be noe living among them. Their last humble suite is that the said Counsell and Company would be pleased so soon as they shall find it convenient to make good their promise sett down at the conclusion of their Commission for Establishing the Counsell of Estate and the General Assembly, namely that they will give us power to allowe or disallowe of their orders of courts as his Majesty hath given them power to allowe or reject our lawes."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This last petition was most significant and full of vital possibilities, being a long step forward in the direction of local self-government; and the promise of such powers by the London Company indicates to what extent the spirit of liberty was nourished by the latter.

Compared with succeeding legislative bodies this first Assembly appears simple in organization and lacking in many of the characteristics that make modern political institutions questionable concerning their representation of the will of the many as opposed to the interests of the few, but it deserves to be memorialized as the beginning of the time when chance was given to all men to express their will concerning those who represented them in matters of government; and the nation owes a debt of gratitude for the stand Virginia took at her first Assembly, a stand which insisted clearly on the equality of her citizens before the law, a principle later inserted in her Declaration of the Bill of Rights in 1776 when she became a State.

Beyond the dream of seer or prophet the little settlement on the banks of the James has grown into the richest and most powerful nation on the earth, but its strength lies not so much in the accumulation of wealth, the development of resources, or the acquisition of learning as in the recognition of those principles to which the early fathers gave expression; and when, as a nation, she repudiates them her star will set, and death will follow where before was life.

KATE LANGLEY BOSHER.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY.*

BY ALFRED NOYES.

I.

He needs no crown of ours, whose golden heart
Poured out its wealth so freely in pure praise
Of others; him the imperishable bays
Crown, and on Sunium's height he sits apart:
He hears immortal greetings this great morn!
Fain would we bring, we also, all we may—
Some wayside flower of transitory bloom,
Frail tribute, only born
To greet the gladness of this April day,
Then waste on death's dark wind its faint perfume.

II.

Here, on this April day, the whole sweet Spring
Speaks through his music only, or seems to speak;
And we that hear, "with hearts uplift and weak,"
What can we less than claim him for our king?
He is here on earth, and many a hawthorn-time
Spring shall return and find him singing still;
But, ah! his heart is far beyond the years,
One with the pulsing rhyme
Of starrier heavens that work their rhythmic will
And hold the secret of all human tears.

III.

For he—the last of that immortal race
Whose music, like a robe of living light,
Reclothed each new-born age and made it bright

* Algernon Charles Swinburne, born April 5th, 1837.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

As with the glory of Love's transfiguring face,
Reddened earth's roses, kindled the deep blue
Of England's radiant ever-singing sea,
Recalled the white thalassian from the foam,
Woke the dim stars anew
And triumphed in the triumph of Liberty—
We claim him; but he hath not here his home.

IV.

Not here: round him to-day the clouds divide!
We know what faces through that rose-flushed air
Now bend above him; Shelley's face is there,
And Hugo's, lit with more than kingly pride!
Replenished there with splendor, the blind eyes
Of Milton bend from heaven to meet his own:
Sappho is there, crowned with those queenlier flowers
Whose graft outgrew our skies,
His gift; Shakespeare leans earthward from his throne
With hands outstretched. He needs no crown of ours.

ALFRED NOYES.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JACKSON AND ROOSEVELT: A PARALLEL.*

BY THE EDITOR.

ONE overpowering question now confronts the American people. Shall they rule themselves, or shall they be ruled? Shall their sovereignty continue to be popular, however inadequate, or become paternal, however beneficial? Shall it be a government by the people or of the people, a government based upon principle, or a government relying upon expediency? The founders of the Republic believed they had settled this question for all time when they conceived the idea of withholding from the national Government the exercise of all functions not specifically conceded by the people and the States, and it was in conformity with that decision that Washington put aside the proffered crown—the symbol of centralized authority—and Massachusetts wrote into her organic law those memorable words:

"To the end that this may be a government of laws and not of men."

Upon that rock the fathers builded the Constitution of the United States, jealously safeguarding personal liberty, guaranteeing to life and property the protection of self-government, giving first consideration to true interpretation of written law, maintaining the rightful force of precedent and tradition, leaving the correction of temporary evils to natural remedies, reposing faith in the ability of each community to solve its own problems, and regarding no question as settled "until settled right."

The results that have ensued, even to the excessive prosperity of which happily we are now able to complain, would seem to prove the wisdom of the conclusion reached by those elder statesmen; and yet we are told by those now in executive authority that

* An address by the editor of the REVIEW delivered before the Hibernian Society of Charleston, South Carolina, on March 18, 1907.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the time has come when the great body of citizens, convinced of the essential inadequacy of that original policy to meet the requirements of new conditions, demand that the pendulum be swung back and that the Federal Government be vested with plenary power.

I.—THE TENDENCY.

Secretary Root marked the tendency, and President Roosevelt not only accepts but reaches eagerly for the responsibility. The former, in the course of his memorable declaration in New York, after noting the "gradual passing of control into the hands of the national government," and summarizing "further projects tending more and more to obliteration of State lines," frankly added:

"It may be that such control could better be exercised in particular instances by the governments of the States, but the people will have the control they need either from the States or from the national Government, and if the States fail to furnish it in due measure *sooner or later constructions of the Constitution will be found to vest the power where it will be exercised—in the national Government.*"

Constructions of the Constitution are made by the Supreme Court. The justices comprising that august tribunal, designed by the fathers to hold final authority exceeding that of either the Executive or the Congress, are named by the President. One member of the cabinet, in avowed sympathy with the "tendency" noted by the Secretary of State, has just been designated; another, it is well understood, awaits appointment as Chief Justice. A member of the great court nominated by the Chief Magistrate who voted against the contention of the Administration in a famous case was denounced as "disloyal." What are we to infer? That "constructions" of the Constitution "will be found, sooner or later," by justices of purely judicial temperament, bent solely upon correct interpretation, or by mere prejudiced puppets of the executive arm of the Government?

"It is useless," declared the Secretary of State, "for the advocate of State rights to inveigh against the supremacy of the constitutional laws of the United States." But nobody has inveighed against either the supremacy or application of "constitutional laws"; it is the adroit, avowed and almost treasonable challenge of our fundamental law that evokes condemnation. It

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is also "useless," according to the Secretary of State, to inveigh "against the extension of national authority in the fields of necessary control." Against *constitutional* extension of such authority? No. It is the admittedly *unconstitutional* extension that makes for apprehension; that is, admittedly unconstitutional until "constructions" shall be "found." When, if ever, that sinister prophecy shall have come to pass, there will be no occasion to stand steadfastly for or inveigh against a Constitution that will have become as dead as the laws of Medes and Persians.

II.—THE AVOWAL OF PURPOSE.

But we are told that Secretary Root's words were not meant to convey a threat of usurpation by the Federal authority as at present constituted; that they bore no more than a friendly warning, a gentle hint to the various commonwealths to be up and doing and pass laws to conform with the policy of the Administration —or take the consequences. It is a distinction with no great difference apparent to average vision. But it was not necessary for the Secretary of State to avow intent; the President had already done so when at Harrisburg he said, in unmistakable terms:

"We need, through executive action, through legislation and through *judicial interpretation and construction of law, to increase the power of the Federal Government. If we fail thus to increase it, we show our impotence.*"

Again, he endorsed the explicit declaration:

"Whatever can be safely left to the States should be left to them, but where the interests of the Nation require action on the part of the Federal authorities, such action should not be withheld on grounds of mere abstract theory."

The Constitution having sunk to the level of "mere abstract theory," it is not surprising that the President should utterly ignore the fact that such powers as are now vested in the Federal Government were held originally by the States and were surrendered voluntarily by them for a definite purpose; and that all others were specifically reserved. In the phrase "whatever can safely be left" to them, we find a plain implication of purpose, not to ask that additional authority be delegated, after the manner provided by the Constitution, but to take it virtually by force. This is very far from being mere disregard of "abstract theory"; it is in flat violation of a solemn compact, frankly derisive of the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

binding force of contractual obligations, and is based upon the false and dangerous assumption that it is the Nation, and not the States, that possesses the right to give or take away.

We have no need to inquire who is to determine when and in what respect local governments shall have failed to perform their functions properly; there is but one fount of true wisdom, but one abiding-place of relentless virtue left to this benighted land.

It is no cause of surprise, therefore, that such a ruler should telegraph to his cabinet minister:

"I do not care in the least for the fact that such an agreement is unconstitutional."

True, the Constitution thus spat upon was not that of the United States, but of Cuba—an instrument which our Government had participated in framing, had expressly approved and by plain implication promised to sustain. The assertion, therefore, was not treasonable, but it does clearly indicate a frame of mind which spurns restraint of even organic law; incidentally, moreover, it was the most gratuitous and insulting utterance respecting a friendly neighbor and helpless ward that ever emanated from the lips of an American President.

III.—REPUBLICAN DISSENTERS.

In his latest fulmination at Cambridge, the President gave passing notice to the "curious revival of the doctrine of State rights," and impugned the motives of those who had raised it at this inopportune time, declaring that their real purpose was "to protect State corporate creations in predatory activities." The names of these marauders were not mentioned, but fortunately they are well known. Those most conspicuous from one branch of public service are Justices Brewer and Harlan of the Supreme Court, and Justice Brown, of Pennsylvania; from another, Senator John C. Spooner, who pronounced Secretary Root's deliverance "altogether unprecedented and full of startling suggestions, to say the least"; Senator Joseph B. Foraker, who found such "advocacy of the centralization of power" destructive of "wise constitutional limitations," and Congressman Samuel W. McCall, who denounced "the proposition to take by 'construction' powers not expressly granted by the Federal Constitution" as "only a part of the unending conflict between autocracy and liberty."

True, the ebullient young Senator from Indiana leaps to the defence of his idol with the ringing definition:

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"What is the nation? It is the American people in the mass."

Chief-Justice John Marshall used the same term in another sense when he declared that "no political dreamer" would ever be "wild enough to think of breaking down the lines which separate the States, and of compounding the American people into one common mass."

Even Abraham Lincoln unwittingly invited the wrath of an impatient successor by asserting in his first inaugural:

"To maintain inviolate the rights of the States to order and control under the Constitution their own affairs by their own judgment exclusively, is essential for the preservation of that balance of power on which our institutions rest."

Nearly if not quite as happy in expression as Senator Beveridge, Governor Cummins, of Iowa, solemnly asseverated:

"I believe with Secretary Root that the failure on the part of the various commonwealths to do their full duty in bringing their legislation into harmony with existing conditions will necessarily result in the usurpation of functions by the general Government."

It may well be suspected that the incautious Governor's ears burned at about the time Secretary Root's eye lit upon the word "usurpation"—and yet it is a strong, meaningful term, and Mr. Cummins can find an excellent precedent for its use in the farewell address to the people of the United States of George Washington, now become the grandfather of his country, who said:

"If, in the opinion of the people, the distribution or modification of the constitutional powers be in any particular wrong, let it be corrected by an amendment in the way which the Constitution designates. But let there be no change by usurpation; for, though this, in one instance, may be the instrument of good, it is the customary weapon by which free governments are destroyed. The precedent must always greatly overbalance in permanent evil any partial or transient benefit, which the use can at any time yield."

Yet more directly applicable to the "tendency" of the moment was Thomas Jefferson's contemplation with satisfaction of what he described as "our peculiar security in the possession of a written Constitution not made a blank paper by *construction*."

IV.—DANIEL WEBSTER, "MOLLYCODDLE."

But the worst "mollycoddle" of all was Daniel Webster. "States' rights," declared the President at Cambridge, "should be pre-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

served when they mean the people's rights, but not when they mean the people's wrongs." What would the great expounder of the Constitution have said to this wily and disingenuous declaration? What *did* he say to a precisely similar and equally specious assertion, namely, that criticism of the Executive should be "subject to the restraints of truth and justice," contained in President Jackson's protest in 1837. "But, sir," he demanded, "who is to be the judge of this truth and justice? Are the people to judge for themselves, or are others to judge for them?" So, who can doubt that if living to-day Daniel Webster again would want to know, not whether, for example, the imposition of a divorce law upon South Carolina by Federal authority would be desirable, but who should be the judge of its desirability—a far-away Executive or the people themselves concerned? And who can doubt that he would continue to-day as he did continue seventy years ago with this splendid utterance:

"The first object of a free people is the preservation of their liberty; and liberty is only to be preserved by maintaining constitutional restraints and just divisions of political power. Nothing is more deceptive or more dangerous than the pretence of a desire to simplify government. The simplest governments are despotisms; the next simplest, limited monarchies; but all republics, all governments of law, must impose numerous limitations and qualifications of authority, and give many positive and many qualified rights. In other words, they must be subject to rule and regulation. This is the very essence of free political institutions. The spirit of liberty is, indeed, a bold and fearless spirit; but it is also a sharp-sighted spirit, it is a cautious, sagacious, discriminating, far-seeing intelligence; it is jealous of encroachment, jealous of power, jealous of man. It demands checks; it seeks for guards; it insists on securities; it intrenches itself behind strong defences, and fortifies itself with all possible care against the assaults of ambition and passion. It does not trust the amiable weaknesses of human nature, and therefore it will not permit power to overstep its prescribed limits, though benevolence, good intent and patriotic purpose come along with it."

These are not the words of present-day "mollycoddles," sneeringly alluded to as bowing before the fetish of States' rights; they are the firm and everlasting declarations of the great Nationalist, whose insistence that the indestructible States had welded them-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

selves into a no less indestructible Union ultimately required the arbitrament of the sword. One can almost hear that mighty voice ringing again to-night:

"I do not wish, sir, to impair the power of the President as it stands written down in the Constitution, and as great and good men have hitherto exercised it. In this, as in other respects, I am for the Constitution as it is. But I will not acquiesce in the reversal of all just ideas of government; I will not degrade the character of popular representation; I will not blindly confide, where all experience admonishes me to be jealous; I will not trust executive power, vested in the hands of a single magistrate, to be the guardian of liberty."

V.—A POSSIBLE PRESIDENT.

We may, nevertheless, admit that if Daniel Webster were now living, and could be assured of a continuance of monopoly of public virtue embodied in a single personality, he would look into the future with calm confidence. But life, however earnest, is short, and history teaches the necessity of considering succession. In the ordinary course of human events, especially in the turmoil and excitement and misapprehension of a national political contest, an error might be made and one might be chosen by the nation as its Chief Magistrate who should combine in himself qualities of profession so inconsistent with his practices as to create general distrust and constitute a real menace to the stability and permanence of our national institutions; one, for instance, who, while demanding vehemently that all should be doers and builders, himself should be the most striking exemplar of constant undoing and persistent tearing down; one who should sternly denounce all critics, though himself the most censorious of persons; one who should sneer at others for opposing radicalism instead of proposing actual reforms, while himself forced to appropriate the notions of political antagonists; one who should hold aloft the banner of idealism and simultaneously trade with those notoriously corrupt; one who, while urging the necessity of individual achievement, should encourage socialism by inviting attack upon accumulations of wealth which are the natural results of the very individual endeavors thus advocated; one who, while exacting the fullest recognition of his own official prerogatives, should not hesitate to denounce an hon-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

est judge for performing his simple duty under the Constitution and the statutes; one whose sense of personal righteousness should so far overpower his sense of personal charitableness as to induce frequent denunciation of those disagreeing with him as wilful, malicious and unqualified prevaricators; one who should, while constantly railing at trusts, yet shield with the utmost care the sacred tariff, breeder of them all; one who should deplore political contributions from corporations, yet raise to the most powerful position in his government one who had sought and obtained them; one quicker than any other to castigate the beneficiaries of a violation of trust, firmer than any other in demanding restitution of diverted funds, yet painfully silent respecting the disposition of large sums of money taken from policy-holders and used to insure, not the lives of the insured, but the election of a President.

VI.—JACKSON AND ROOSEVELT—A PARALLEL.

It was a ruler such as this beyond a doubt that Webster refused to constitute the guardian of liberty—a ruler such as Jackson, whom he had in mind, and of whom, in Sumner's admirable biography, we find words well worthy of prayerful consideration at this time.

"Jackson," says his biographer, "held that his reëlection was a triumphant vindication of him in all the points in which he had been engaged in controversy with anybody, and a kind of charter to him, as representative, or, rather, tribune, of the people, to go on and govern on his own judgment over and against everybody, including Congress. His attitude towards the Supreme Court, his discontent with the Senate, his construction of his duties under the Constitution, all things, great and small, were held to be covered and passed upon by the voice of the people in his reëlection. . . . The Jeffersonian non-interference theories were now all left far behind. Jacksonian democracy was approaching already the Napoleonic type of the democratic empire, in which the elect of the nation is charged to protect the state against everybody, chiefly, however, against any constitutional organs. . . . Up to that time the Supreme Court had not failed to pursue the organic development of the Constitution, and it had, on every occasion on which it was put to the test, proved the bulwark of constitutional liberty, by the steadiness

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with which it had established the interpretation of the Constitution, and checked every partial and interested effort to wrest the instrument from its true character. . . . Jackson's appointments introduced the mode of action by the Executive, through the selection of the judges, on the interpretation of the Constitution of the Supreme Court. . . . During Jackson's second term the growth of the nation in wealth and prosperity was very great. It was just because there was an immeasurable source of national life in the physical circumstances, and in the energy of the people, that the political follies and abuses could be endured."

So we perceive that there is no novelty in our present situation. In Jackson's time, as to-day, despite the excellent general conditions, there were constant manifestations of dissatisfaction and unrest, and the dispassionate historian does not hesitate to attribute them to Jackson's character and example.

"Great parties," he continues, "did not organize on the important political questions. Men were led off on some petty side-issue, or they attached themselves to a great man, with whom they hoped to come to power. One feels that there must have been a desire to say to them: No doubt the thing you have taken up as your hobby is fairly important, but why not pursue your reformatory and philanthropic work outside of politics? The truth was that nearly all the cliques wanted to reach their object by the short cut of legislation; that is, to force other people to do what they were convinced it was a wise thing to do, and a great many also wanted to make political capital out of their 'causes.'"

VII.—WEBSTER ON DANGERS OF PROSPERITY.

It was this condition of affairs, so precisely analogous to that of the present, that inspired Webster's stern denunciation of those, in places high or low, who, instead of inciting individual endeavor, feed the fires of socialism.

"There are persons," he declared, "who constantly clamor. They complain of oppression, speculation, and the pernicious influence of accumulated wealth. They cry out loudly against all banks and corporations, and all the means by which small capitals become united, in order to produce important and beneficial results. They carry on a mad hostility against all established institutions. They would choke up the fountains of industry, and dry all its streams.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"In a country of unbounded liberty, they clamor against oppression. In a country of perfect equality, they would move heaven and earth against privilege and monopoly. In a country where property is more equally divided than anywhere else, they rend the air with the shouting of agrarian doctrines. In a country where the wages of labor are high beyond all parallel, they would teach the laborer that he is but an oppressed slave. Sir, what can such men want? What do they mean? They can want nothing, sir, but to enjoy the fruits of other men's labor. They can mean nothing but disturbance and disorder, the diffusion of corrupt principles, and the destruction of the moral sentiments and moral habits of society. A licentiousness of feeling and of action is sometimes produced by prosperity itself. Men cannot always resist the temptation to which they are exposed by the very abundance of the bounties of Providence, and the very happiness of their own condition."

Here we have a perfect picture of our present situation. Prosperity, aided by a President, has produced a licentiousness of feeling and action, a desire to enjoy the fruits of other men's labor and the promulgation of agrarian doctrines; complaints of oppression and of the pernicious influence of accumulated wealth have provoked hostility to established institutions, and outcries against the combining of small capitals to produce beneficial results bid fair to choke up the fountains of industry and dry all its streams. Already, as an immediate effect of a whirlwind of hostile legislation incited throughout the country by the declarations of the President and the "warnings" of the Secretary of State, capital has withdrawn its essential support, money cannot be had to provide adequate means of transportation, railway companies are called upon to make bricks without straw, and all enterprise pauses uneasily in the face of the official boast of so much "already done" and the latest threat of a further "girding up of loins to do more." Because a few have done wrong, all must suffer; just discrimination has been thrown to the winds, and the end is not in sight. The President reiterates the assertion that he is still unconvinced of the necessity of serving a third term, but authorizes the positive announcement that no "reactionary" need apply for the Republican nomination. Andrew Jackson alone of all the recent Presidents was strong enough to name his successor at the end of an administra-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion curiously like the present one in impetuous defiance of restraint and in the ferocity of its assaults upon what Mr. Webster aptly termed the "fountains of industry." That Mr. Roosevelt is equally potent, so far at least as his own party is concerned, there can be no doubt.

VIII.—WHAT SHALL THE HARVEST BE?

What will the harvest be? Let us turn for a parallel to the pages of history recording the immediate sequence of the Jackson administration and read as follows:

"A few days after Van Buren's inauguration the country was in the throes of the worst and most wide-spread financial panic it has ever seen. The distress was fairly appalling, both in its intensity and in its universal distribution. All the banks stopped payment, and bankruptcy was universal. . . . The efforts made by Benton and the other Jacksonians to stem the tide of public feeling and direct it through the well-worn channel of suspicious fear of, and anger at, the banks, as the true authors of general wretchedness, were unavailing; the stream swelled into a torrent, and ran like a mill-race in the opposite way. . . . But a few years before the Jacksonians had appealed to a senseless public dislike of the so-called 'money power,' in order to help themselves to victory, and now they had the chagrin of seeing an only less irrational outcry raised against themselves in turn, and used to oust them from their places. The people were more than ready to listen to any one who could point out, or pretend to point out, the authors of, and the reasons for, the calamities that had befallen them. Their condition was pitiable. . . . Trade was at a complete standstill; laborers were thrown out of employment and left almost starving; farmers, merchants, mechanics, craftsmen of every sort —all alike were in the direst distress."

Such is the veracious chronicle of Theodore Roosevelt, historian, of the aftermath of an administration in all respects strikingly similar to that under which we now live—similar in methodical attacks upon property, in appeals to envy and uncharitableness, in wanton extravagance, in the domineering characteristics of the Chief Executive, in his aloofness from the conservative branch of his own party, in his determination to obtain new constructions of the Constitution from justices appointed by himself, in faith in his own ability to make the people happy, in his

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

assumption that he was constituted by them, not their mere executive officer, but their tribune, in his very personal popularity and power.

"The harm," adds the historian, "was largely due to causes existing throughout the civilized world, and especially to the speculative folly rife among the whole American people; but," he significantly concludes, "it is always an easy and a comfortable thing to hold others responsible for what is primarily our own fault."

Thus spake the historian. Pray God that a like evasion of responsibility may not be forced upon an historian become President!

I have drawn upon the bitter experience of the past for a parallel designed to indicate the menace of living tendencies because it is necessary to make the portrayal distinct and clear. The line I would draw lies between impulse and reason, between hasty action and sober judgment, between practice of politics and aim at statesmanship, between too great heed of expediency and too little observance of principle, between attempts to regulate human destiny, from before the cradle to after the grave, and reliance upon natural remedies and the patriotic spirit of American citizens.

IX.—THE DUTY OF THE SOUTH.

I ask only, in conclusion, if we must anticipate a repetition of history in the designation by a second Jackson of a successor pledged to the continuance of arbitrary regulation and legislation by executive commissions, or shall an earnest effort at least be made to turn back our government into the safer path hewn by the fathers of the Republic? Two years ago, in this city, I insisted that it was for the South to say, and I repeat the assertion now. No other section has remained loyal to the Democratic party; none other may in morals or precedent question its right to name the Democratic candidate and write the Democratic platform. But where will the South look for an alliance holding forth a hope of success? Will it turn to the East, whose great States proved at the latest elections that they await only an opportunity to renew their allegiance to the ancient faith, or will it turn to the West and assassinate both issue and prospects of success by pinning faith to one whose voice has become a mere whispering echo of that of the new high apostle

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of radicalism, paternalism and socialism? It is easy to sneer at the failure of the latest national appeal for safety and sanity, but it is vastly more difficult to mention another candidate who, in those peculiar circumstances, would have fared better. There may be and probably is little hope of immediate success on even the certain ground that every evil complained of was born of Republican rule; but surely there is none at all without an issue,—with even the opportunity of appealing to reason, prudence, fidelity to tradition and faith in the ultimate triumph of idealism eliminated. We may at least be true, true to ourselves, true to the patriots who have died, true to those living who still insist that popular government should not and shall not "perish from the earth."

With Lincoln, then, let us stand; with Webster, too, for "liberty and union, now and forever, one and inseparable"; with the Supreme Court for "an indestructible Union of indestructible States"; but especially at this critical moment in our National history with John C. Calhoun for the motto graven upon the beautiful monument in your public square—"Truth, Justice and the Constitution"!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED.

BY EDWARD PORRITT, BRANDER MATTHEWS AND OLIVIA HOWARD DUNBAR.

THE LONG OVERDUE BIOGRAPHY OF LORD DURHAM.

Two changes have come over the attitude of the governing families of England towards biography. At one time it was not unusual for the letters and papers of a departed statesman to be printed only for private circulation. But with the increasing popular interest in politics which in England dates from about 1820, and with Parliamentary life becoming less and less exclusively the occupation of one class, this practice has long since come to an end; and coincident with this change the reading world has become greatly enlarged. Even after this change there was still the tradition that political correspondence and political autobiography ought not to be published until at least a generation after the death of the authors. This delay was due to the feeling that in a biography or a volume of correspondence there might be statements calculated to hurt the susceptibilities of contemporaries still alive, or even of the sons and daughters of contemporaries. Within the last ten or fifteen years, however, this overdelicacy, which in the past long delayed the publication of many first-class political biographies, has been gradually disappearing. The biographies of Gladstone, Granville, Churchill and Argyll, to go no farther back than 1903, are proofs of this new attitude towards the publication of political correspondence and biography, and of the feeling that for statesmen of achievement it is best for their reputation and of advantage to political history that as little delay as possible should attend the publication of letters that are of really national importance.

The fame of the first Earl of Durham, and also of Earl Grey, the Premier of the Cabinet of 1830-34, of which Durham was so

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

outstanding a member, has suffered from the older attitude towards political biography; for, although Durham died in 1840, there was no adequate biography of him until Mr. Stuart Reid's "Life and Letters"* appeared; and even yet, although Earl Grey died in 1845, a full and authentic biography—a biography based on letters and private papers—is still lacking. The long delay in the publication of the memoirs of these statesmen is remarkable in the light of the advantage of the newer policy as regards biography; for Grey was Premier of the most epoch-making administration of the nineteenth century. The only administration which in this respect can be compared with that of 1830-34—that of the great Reform Act of 1832—is the Gladstone Administration of 1885-6, which launched England into the Home-Rule controversy; and of this historic administration of 1830-34, of which Grey was Premier, Durham was a member; and on him fell much of the work of drafting the great measure for which the Administration is famous.

The long-delayed "Life and Letters of Lord Durham" must at once be ranked among the great biographies of English statesmen of the nineteenth century. It is of the class to which Parker's "Peel," and Morley's "Gladstone" belong. As a literary achievement its place is alongside the "Life of Peel" rather than alongside Morley's "Life of Gladstone," for it has little of the painstaking care and insight in the sketching of the background of Durham's political activities either in England or Canada that characterize Morley's framework for the varied and long-extended political activities of Gladstone. It must take rank with the great biographies of English statesmen chiefly because of the letters and memoranda which it embodies. It is these which are of importance to students of English political history; especially to those who are interested in the era of reform, which began with the downfall of Wellington's ministry in 1829, and lasted until 1835. The biography appeals also to students of British colonial development; for the era of responsible government in the larger colonies—representative and responsible government such as exists in the Dominion of Canada to-day—began as the result of Durham's mission to Canada at the time of the Rebellion in 1837

* "Life and Letters of the First Earl of Durham (1792–1840)." By Stuart J. Reid. Two volumes. New York: Longmans, Green & Company.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in Upper and Lower Canada, now the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec.

Durham's Parliamentary and political life extended only from 1813 to 1840. He was of only one Cabinet; and in that held the comparatively unimportant office of Lord Privy Seal. Yet no statesman—certainly no member of the House of Lords—more influenced English Liberalism in its formative period than Durham; while as regards the colonial policy of Great Britain, Durham inaugurated a new era. He went to Canada at a crisis in its history as critical as that which confronted Lord Milner when he went to South Africa in 1897; and as a result there began the era which has witnessed the development of self-government in the larger colonies in North America, Australasia and South Africa, and the rallying of the colonies to the support of Great Britain at the time of the Boer War.

By birth and traditions Durham was a Whig. His traditions and his political and social environment were such that it would not have been surprising had he remained a Whig to the end of the chapter. But his traditions and environment did not hold him to Whiggism; for he was one of the few Whigs who developed into Liberals without reservation or qualification. As John George Lambton he was of the House of Commons—knight of the shire for Durham, where his ancestral possessions and his great collieries lay—until 1828. Then he was created a peer at the instance of Canning. A peerage might have been expected to subdue the Liberalism of Durham. A peerage does subdue the political enthusiasm of most men, especially when as commoners they have been associated with the Liberal party; and at this period—1828-40—such a change would have been characteristic of a Whig; for of the two great parties in English politics in the first forty years of the nineteenth century the Whigs were most jealous of what they described as "their order," and were ever on guard to retain for the Whig oligarchy, as long as was practicable, the political privileges which the Whigs had regarded as peculiarly theirs from as far back as the Revolution of 1688.

No such change came over Durham. His Liberalism was abiding. It was as much to him as his religious faith. With his record as an advocate of reform; with his high standing in Parliament and in the country; and with his close connection with Lord Grey, whose son-in-law he was, it was inevitable that Durham

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

should be of the Whig Administration which Grey formed after the last of the long series of Tory Ministries in 1829. Except for Durham, the Grey Administration was typically and exclusively Whig. Eleven out of the thirteen Cabinet Ministers were peers or held courtesy titles as heirs of peers. Durham was the only member who could be described as a Liberal; and when the controversies over the Reform Bill were being waged inside the Cabinet, most of the Ministers must have wished that some such mission as that which kept Durham in St. Petersburg from 1835 to 1837, had been found for the exponent of Liberalism at the time Grey was organizing the administration of 1830 to 1834. Excepting for Durham and Lord John Russell there was no enthusiasm for reform among the members of Grey's Cabinet. Enthusiasm for any change in the direction of democracy was never characteristic of the Whigs; and, although the Administration had come into power after Wellington's political downfall, pledged to Parliamentary Reform, the disposition of the Grey Cabinet was to concede just as little as would implement their pledges, and preserve an appearance of consistency for those Whig leaders who had long been associated with the Reform movement.

Durham had no sympathy with this attitude towards the question. He wanted a Parliamentary franchise practically as wide as exists to-day in Great Britain. His aim was to bring every man within the constitution; to give him a part in its working; and also by embodying the principle of the ballot in the Reform Bill to protect him in the exercise of the Parliamentary franchise. He could not carry the Whigs with him in either of these aims; and he did not live to see either of them accomplished; for it was 1872 before the Ballot Act was placed on the Statute-Book; and it was not until the Reform and Redistribution Acts of 1884-5 that the Parliamentary franchise was made as wide as Durham desired when he was of the Committee of the Cabinet which drafted the Reform Bill—a committee of which his colleagues were Lord John Russell, Sir James Graham and Lord Duncannon. Still, while Durham failed in these two points, he was preeminently the fighting member of the Administration as regards Parliamentary Reform. Once in the struggle, to Durham retreat was impossible; and it was Durham who insisted, in the last great crisis of the Bill, that Grey should advise William IV to create

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a sufficient number of peers to ensure that the Bill should not for the second time be thrown out by the House of Lords. Reluctantly Grey took this extreme step. It was not necessary to create peers; but the fact that the King had committed himself to their creation, if it should be expedient, saved the Bill.

After the Reform Act had been carried Durham's Liberalism, unlike that of Lord John Russell and of most members of the Grey Cabinet, did not undergo any cooling process. The Whig leaders would have liked to close the era with the Reform Bill; but Durham went into the constituencies and showed that much more work in the direction of Reform remained to be done. In 1833 he was advocating a further extension of the Parliamentary franchise; the reform of the municipal corporations; reform in the Established Church; and the establishment of a national system of elementary education. He was a trial to the Whigs, who disliked his enthusiasm and his impulsiveness; but among Liberals, in and out of Parliament, he was more admired and trusted than any peer who before or since his time has taken the lead in Liberal movements. He was the greatest Liberal in the House of Lords in the nineteenth century. Comparatively short as was his political career, he accomplished more for English Liberalism than any man who has been of the peerage; and it is this accomplishment, as well as Durham's part in the development of Liberalism towards the colonies, that gives his "Life and Letters" their significant and honorable place in the literature of political history in the nineteenth century.

EDWARD PORRITT.

JUSSERAND'S ENGLISH LITERATURE.*

HERE in the United States we revived long ago the custom of the Italian Republics who were wont to employ their men of letters as ambassadors to other lands. We sent Irving and Bancroft, Motley and Lowell, to represent us abroad; and on occasion one foreign nation or another has sent us also men of letters. Spain was long represented in Washington by Señor Valera, the author of "Pepita Ximenez"; and Great Britain has just honored herself and us by sending Mr. Bryce, the author of

* "A Literary History of the English People." By J. J. Jusserand. Vol. II, Part I. From the Renaissance to the Civil War. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the "American Commonwealth." For some years now the ambassador of the French Republic has been M. Jusserand, the historian of that English literature which belongs by inheritance to us Americans also.

M. Jusserand is not only a trained diplomatist, he is also an accomplished man of letters who has taken for his special subject the literary history of the peoples who speak English,—although without neglecting the literature of his own language, for he is also the editor of the admirable series of "*Grands Ecrivains de la France.*" After several preliminary studies, on the beginnings of the English novel and on the little-known poet, Langland, he has settled down to the solid task of considering English literature as a whole. He proposes to compass his aim in three volumes, of which two have already appeared in French and of which the first part of the second volume has been published in an excellent English translation. From these two volumes it is now possible to perceive his method and to estimate the value of his work.

And it is not too much to say that if the third volume is equal to its two predecessors, M. Jusserand will have given us what is on the whole the best history of the literature of our language which has yet been written. He has the double qualification needed for such a work, in that he is both critic and historian. As a critic he possesses the four requisites which we have a right to look for in every one who seeks to express an opinion; he has insight and equipment, sympathy and impartiality. As a historian he reveals the three added qualities which the narrator of past events must possess; he has the gift of story-telling, the ability to gather and sift facts, and the sense of proportion. His book is exactly what it calls itself; it is a literary history of the English people. It considers the authors, one by one, but always it keeps in full view the main body of the people. It is a history of literary development; and it is not a casual collection of biographical criticisms of the successive poets and playwrights and essayists. Only too many of the so-called histories of English literature are fragmentary, as though their authors could not see the forest for the trees. Dr. Ward's "History of English Dramatic Literature," for example, is hardly to be accepted as a history in any exact sense of the word, for the author does not show us the growth of the drama in England, satisfying himself instead with outlining the lives of the several dramatic poets, taking them

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in their chronological sequence and considering their plays one by one.

M. Jusserand is a true historian. He does not neglect the duty of sketching for us the chief authors and of making us acquainted with the more important facts of their careers. He does not fail to analyze their leading works,—indeed, his criticism of individual authors is always acute and always sane. But he subordinates the criticism of the individual writer to the larger and more necessary account of the literary movement to which the individual writer contributed. And as a result of M. Jusserand's ability to deal with the whole without sacrificing the separate parts, we find in these volumes a more satisfactory view of the development of our literature than can be found in any other attempt to tell the whole story of our literary triumphs. Behind the merely literary criticism, beneath it, supporting it, is the solid framework of the keen-eyed and broad-minded historian, accepting always the principle that literature is only one expression of the life of the times in which it came into being,—the most significant expression, very often, but to be fully understood only after weighing carefully the other manifestations of the national genius at the same period.

Thus it is that M. Jusserand gives us portraits of Henry VIII and of Elizabeth quite as elaborate as the portrait of Spenser; and he makes us feel that the king and queen, each in turn, were representative of the development of the race and had their influence on the men of letters who illustrated their reigns. Here M. Jusserand profits by what might seem at first sight to be a disadvantage; he profits by the fact that he is not an Englishman. He has mastered the literature of our language as very few men have done who are native to our speech; and yet he remains a Frenchman, with all a Frenchman's taste, and sobriety, and relish for harmony and proportion. His immense reading in our tongue has not caused him to lose any of his Latin inheritance; although perhaps it may have broadened his Latin standards now and again.

As a Frenchman, M. Jusserand is not fettered by the obligation of filial piety to the great masters; he is relieved from all empty lip-service; he can say what he really thinks, free from the fetishism of praise which is only too common in histories of literature written by compatriots of the great authors considered,—a fetish-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ism which is most frequent in German histories of German literature. M. Jusserand seizes on the essential qualities of our great writers, but he is not blind to their defects and he is not bound over to palliate these faults or to disguise them. Nobody has yet told the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, about the marvellous group of dramatic poets who produced with such splendid and such prodigal abundance in the spacious days of Elizabeth and of James; but M. Jusserand has set a noble example in the final pages of his second volume. He sees the energy of these people, their power, their elevation, and their scope. But he sees also—and it is to be hoped that he may teach many of his readers to see—how wastefully this energy was displayed, how exaggerated, violent and fantastic it often was, how little reserved and how little restrained by art. M. Jusserand's training leads him to recognize true greatness when he finds it; but it also keeps him from finding it where it does not exist, or where dross is unfortunately commingled with the pure ore. And here he has done a service to all who love letters.

It has seemed better in this brief review to point out the larger merits of M. Jusserand's work rather than to dwell on the details of his criticism or even to consider at any length the noble gallery of portraits of rulers, of statesmen, and of writers, which we owe to his vigorous brush. Over the portrait of Spenser, for example, it would be a pleasure to linger and to draw attention to M. Jusserand's knowledge of his subject, to his understanding, to his sympathy, to his critical acumen—and also to his reserve, his common sense, and to his insistent applications of the standards which are permanent and universal.

The author's foot-notes are abundant and accurate; they exhibit his indefatigable research and his consummate scholarship. He reveals the true attitude of the scholar also in his frequent quotation from the authors he is considering, in that these extracts appear always in all the quaintness of the earlier and more licentious orthography of English. Perhaps this practice of M. Jusserand may make it plain to some of the more ignorant of his readers that there never has been any standard of English spelling accepted by all authors, and that the writers of our own time are using—whether they know it or not—a spelling which has been simplified by the efforts of the generations that have gone before. And perhaps the present writer may be forgiven for

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

suggesting that some of these readers may be converted to the opinion that we in our turn owe it to the generations that will come after us to leave the spelling of our language fitter for service than we found it,—following the good example set by our ancestors.

BRANDER MATTHEWS.

"NEWER IDEALS OF PEACE."*

HOWEVER easily the professional speechmaker or the devout newspaper-reader may be able to disregard Miss Addams's fresh and independent conclusions, her book must at least be conceded an exclusive value; no one else could have written it, because no one else could have felt it. The group of subjects that she has discussed, from the sane standpoint of an opponent of violence,—militarism, immigration, child labor and other industrial problems,—because they are vital and immediate have also become common and familiar. Any sociologist can settle them and any politician rant about them. But Miss Addams's clear and confident voice is that of the interpreter and the seer. To our cool superficial consideration she brings wisdom that she has plunged deep to gather. It is her striking distinction that she does not feel bound to square her statements with empty academic formula nor to consider their bearing on her own political present or future. There is no party or school or movement to whose bias she is obliged to defer,—for she is not even speaking in behalf of Hull House, nor of the "settlement idea." Such an absolute release from formula, such detachment of vision, of course, contribute far more, even, to the book's solid authenticity than the author's intimate knowledge of what she is writing about.

It is just this, therefore, the beauty and simplicity of the writer's attitude, that will make this book seem important to those who are alert to discover the few essential words that may occur in thousands of printed pages. It is this quality that gives it spiritual coherence, that makes it a book, rather than a collection of "papers" and addresses, and that demands consideration for it as literature, in a large sense, whatever its minor blemishes. Without self-righteousness or any taint of moral Philistinism, Miss Addams is the fervid spokesman of the in-

* "Newer Ideals of Peace." By Jane Addams. New York: Macmillan.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

articulate, the unassimilated. She sees, paradoxically, much that an observer with a keener vision could not see,—a vision, that is, for contrasts, for the dramatic, for the humorous, in short, for "copy." She is superhumanly able to condemn without bitterness, even without irony, and to praise without extravagance. Before the inevitable charge of being an "optimist" or "idealist" she is probably defenceless; sentimentalist, however, she is not. With all which considerations, it would seem as though her opinions on matters of common moment ought to have at least as much value as those of any other single type of writer.

It is not necessary to paraphrase Miss Addams's own admirable explanation of what she has meant by her "newer ideals of peace." Some, at least, of her main points will probably seem to most thoughtful persons irrefutable. If she said no more than that war is puerile or child labor criminal or strike violence undesirable we might yawn our complete agreement and close the book. But she has discoveries to set forth, the irresistible discoveries of Beauty in Ugliness, Goodness in Evil, Life in Death. It is her belief that there now exist "forces within society so dynamic and vigorous that the impulses to war seem by comparison cumbersome and mechanical," and she points out that in the practically international efforts to do away with certain forms of disease and to relieve poverty and age there is "the first timid forward reach of one of those instinctive movements which carry onward the progressive goodness of the race." Her most interesting contention, however, is that life in the poorer quarters of such a city as Chicago, with its close association, in a spontaneous brotherhood, of people of different races, is a "forecast of coming international relations." As she strikingly puts it, there come daily to American cities "accretions of simple people who carry in their hearts a desire for mere goodness. They regularly deplete their scanty livelihood in response to a primitive pity, and, independent of the religions they have professed, of the wrongs they have suffered, and of the fixed morality they have been taught, have an unquenchable desire that charity and simple justice shall regulate men's relations. It seems sometimes, to one who knows them, as if they continually sought for an outlet for more kindliness, and that they are not only willing and eager to do a favor for a friend, but that their kind-heartedness lies in ambush, as it were, for a chance to incorporate itself in our

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

larger relations, that they persistently expect that it shall be given some form of governmental expression."

As this would lead one to expect, Miss Addams's uncompromising view of the matter of immigration is the most interesting and individual part of her book, as it is also that which will arouse the most impatient protest. It is a matter which she accuses us, with undoubted propriety, of meeting too narrowly, with too provincial a lack of "mental energy, adequate knowledge and a sense of the youth of the earth." "We have no method," she says, in an unconscious defining of her own service, "by which to discover men, to spiritualize, to understand, to hold intercourse with aliens and to receive of what they bring." In spite of this, she is able to believe in the possibility that "the immigrant will at last enter into his heritage in a new nation. Democratic government has ever been the result of spiritual travail and moral effort. Apparently, even here, the immigrant must pay the old cost." Very plainly, this is a different language from that of the political controversialist. Her extreme attitude that immigration is a national blessing and that the immigrant "represents the group and type which is making the most genuine contribution to the present growth in governmental functions," is defended by no ingenious feats of tortured logic. Miss Addams bases it quite frankly on her knowledge of the immigrant as a human being.

In view of the author's own remarkable efficiency as a citizen, there is a beautiful unconscious irony in her calm and restrained chapter on women's proper place in municipal government. Perhaps no other woman whose own experience had led her to feel daily, in grim specific cases, the need of municipal suffrage for women, could present as unimpassioned convictions. But while there will be loud dissent from her entirely reasonable belief that the many acknowledged failures in city government are due to the survival of militarism, and that the policeman, as his functions are now understood, is the greatest municipal evil, it would not be surprising if the conservative mind assented to her obviously true proposition that city government is "enlarged housekeeping," and that women, according to the traditional scheme, ought therefore to have a hand in it. Summing up the evils that the modern city has to deal with, she asserts that "logically, its electorate should be made up of those . . . who

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in the past have at least attempted to care for children, to clean houses, to prepare foods. . . . To test the elector's fitness to deal with this situation by his ability to bear arms is absurd." Putting it more strongly, she says that "because all these things have traditionally been in the hands of women, if they take no part in them now, they are not only missing the education which the natural participation in civic life would bring to them, but they are losing what they have always had. From the beginning of tribal life women have been held responsible for the health of the community."

It is by no means always considered a weakness in the equipment of a glib orator on the immigration problem that he may never have stopped to look at an immigrant; or in that of a writer of books on labor that he may never have talked with a laborer. Yet these, like all the questions Miss Addams has taken up, are primarily human questions, demanding for their full solution an understanding of humanity even more than a knowledge of books. It was only the day before yesterday that the highly sensational discovery was made that to write anything of value about children, as about animals or "nature," one should have studied one's subject at first hand. When this radical and difficult principle comes to be applied to writing about men and women, and the problems that affect them, Miss Addams should share in the glory of the pioneers. No one has succeeded better than she in dissolving the empty, airy concept of "humanity," as she has put it, "into its component parts of men, women and children." Thus there will be found, throughout this book, illustrations from her own intensely practical experience which will be of value even to those who do not accede to the "newer ideals." There are memorable bits of wisdom and there are phrases so good that they must be "inspired," because when Miss Addams makes a conscious effort, as with her many inapt figures, she usually fails. Emphasis has been laid mainly upon the spirit of this unusual book, but it would still, of course, have a serious value if taken literally and paragraph by paragraph as it was intended. It is the expression of an exceptional citizen on subjects that concern everybody. Whatever may prove to be its concern for the student of literature, it should be tolerantly read by the student of affairs, for whom it was written.

OLIVIA HOWARD DUNBAR.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WORLD-POLITICS.

WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, *March, 1907.*

THE topic most discussed in Washington since the adjournment of the Fifty-ninth Congress is the apparent modification of the President's attitude toward the great railway corporations, and the corresponding change in the view taken of Mr. Roosevelt by many railway managers of long experience and recognized ability.

It would be easy to exaggerate the extent of the alteration on both sides, but that there are signs of a possible approach to an understanding, if not to cooperation, seems indisputable.

That the steam-railway presidents, with the conspicuous exception of the late Mr. Cassatt of the Pennsylvania, strenuously opposed the Railway Rate bill enacted during the first session of the Fifty-ninth Congress is well known, and it is doubtless true that most of them still regard that law as mischievous rather than useful.

Nevertheless, there is a growing tendency on the part of railroad men to prefer Federal control to State control, a tendency caused by the flood of anti-railway legislation passed, or threatened, in over a score of States. The determination evinced in many States to reduce the rate chargeable for the transportation of passengers to two cents per mile, without any equitable reference to the volume of passenger travel or to the average distance traversed by passengers, has naturally provoked railway managers to retaliate by reducing signally the number of trains and the rate of speed. The fact that on many lines the net profit accruing from passenger traffic is relatively insignificant, and that on some lines, or sections of lines, the passenger business is actually transacted at a loss, has been overlooked by some State legis-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

latures in their haste to absolve themselves from the reproach of neglecting to use their powers of regulation. The interference with passenger traffic, however, has excited much less alarm than the disposition exhibited in more than one State legislature to cut freight rates down to one-half of those now exacted. Those who are best acquainted with the subject question whether there is a railroad in the country which could bear such a reduction and continue to pay dividends, after defraying operation expenses and fixed charges.

It is absolutely certain that, if freight rates were diminished by one-half, it would be impossible to make the extensions of track and the additions to rolling-stock which are imperatively required in order to cope with the continually increasing demand for transportation. Some of the very States which are loudest in complaint of the inadequacy of facilities for moving their products to points of distribution or shipment, are deliberately proposing to deprive the common carriers of the means of securing the funds needed to remedy the deficiency. They seem blind to the fact, which ought to be obvious, that a railway's power of borrowing money is proportioned to its actual or probable net earnings.

It is the reckless, improvident, vindictive spirit which has characterized much of the State legislation directed against railways that is causing a certain revulsion of feeling in favor of Federal control.

More than one captain of the railway industry has gone so far as to express the wish that the States might be prohibited from legislating with reference even to the railways that lie wholly within their own borders, but which are feeders of the trunk lines. Such a prohibition, however, would require a constitutional amendment, and, even if two-thirds of both Houses of Congress should propose such a change in the Federal organic law, it is scarcely conceivable that three-fourths of the States, through their legislatures or conventions, would assent to so grave a mutilation of their powers.

On the contrary, it is extremely probable that a concerted and vigorous exercise of those powers would be advocated if the conference of Governors and State Railroad Commissioners, suggested by Governor Johnson of Minnesota, should be held, of which at present, luckily, there seems to be no likelihood. Mr.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Roosevelt's discouragement of such a conference is naturally construed as proof of his disapproval of recent State activity in anti-railway legislation.

President Roosevelt, indeed, makes no secret of his conviction that the States are not qualified for the regulative function which many of them have recently assumed, and as railway managers heartily concur in the opinion, it would surprise nobody if in the Sixtieth Congress they should decide to accept, rather than oppose, Mr. Roosevelt's plan for increasing the efficiency of Federal control, by requiring interstate railroads to obtain Federal licenses.

It is manifest that any material change in the attitude of railway corporations toward Mr. Roosevelt and his policies would have a direct and sensible effect on the next Republican National Convention, and on the President's power to influence its selection of a nominee.

Hitherto the assumption has been current that the next Convention would be divided between warm friends and implacable opponents of Mr. Roosevelt's programme; and whatever strength the candidacy of Vice-President Fairbanks, or Speaker Cannon, or Senator Foraker may have been supposed to possess should be ascribed to the belief that any one of them would be acceptable to the representatives of railway interests. If the assumption should prove unfounded, and, on the contrary, something like an accommodation between Mr. Roosevelt and the railroads should be reached, there would be comparatively little resistance to his reasonable wish that the prosecution of his policies should be committed to a successor in whom he has confidence, such a man, for example, as Judge Taft or Governor Hughes. It is a mistake, by the way, to assert, as some newspapers have asserted, that no President has ever succeeded in designating his successor.

It is true, indeed, that Grant failed in 1876 to secure the nomination of Roscoe Conkling by the Cincinnati Convention, but Jefferson indisputably brought about the selection and election of Madison by the Republican or Jeffersonian party, and it is equally certain that Andrew Jackson made Van Buren President.

Nor is it at all improbable that, if both President McKinley and Senator Hanna had lived until 1904, the former would

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

have made the latter the nominee of the Republican National Convention.

The state of things now existing is a counterpart of that which existed in 1808 and in 1836. Either Jefferson or Jackson could have had a nomination for a third term, had he been willing to accept one, and the same thing may undoubtedly be said of President Roosevelt.

Of the last-named fact, indeed, the evidence is accumulating every day. The legislatures of Massachusetts and South Dakota have been polled, with the result in each case that an overwhelming majority of the Republican members pronounced for Roosevelt. It is plain that, if all the Northern legislatures should pursue a similar course, the power of the President to designate the person on whom the next Republican nomination should fall would be immensely augmented. In truth, it would be practically irresistible. That is why no effort is made by Mr. Roosevelt to check such demonstrations. The best-informed persons still believe that he adheres inflexibly to his declared determination not to accept another nomination in 1908, but just because of his unshaken purpose to abide by his self-denying utterance, he is eager to see the nomination go to some one in whose adherence to the Roosevelt policies he has absolute faith. There are at least two men in whom he must feel able to repose such a trust, namely, Secretary Taft and Secretary Root, and it may be that, before a twelvemonth has elapsed, he will feel equal confidence in Governor Hughes. In respect of availability, the last of the three has, perhaps, the strongest recommendation, for he carried the State of New York by a majority more than three times as large as that which Mr. Roosevelt got in 1898; and that, too, although in 1906, every other State office was gained by a Democrat. We do not say that next year New York will prove a pivotal State, as it proved—to go no further back—in 1848, in 1880, in 1884 and in 1888; but no one will deny that its thirty-nine electoral votes will be of very great importance. They might even prove decisive, if the contest should turn, as ex-President Cleveland thinks it ought to turn, on the question of immediate tariff revision.

Much attention, by the way, is being paid in Washington to the remarkable interview with Mr. Cleveland which was published in the New York "Times" of March 4. In that interview

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he reiterated his conviction that a reform of the tariff is absolutely fundamental, and that the question of the trusts is entirely dependent on it.

Owing to the fact that telegrams from Central America are generally belated and often contradictory, it has not been easy to follow the course of the struggle between Nicaragua, on the one hand, and Honduras, assisted by Salvador, on the other. Nominally, the war arose out of a boundary controversy, but really, according to the Nicaraguans, it is a struggle, on their part, for national existence, prompted by the discovery of a secret treaty, or, at all events, an informal agreement, between Honduras, Salvador and Guatemala, aimed at the mutilation, if not partition, of Nicaragua.

Thus far, curiously, the last-named State seems to have had everything its own way, in spite of the fact that Salvador kept its promise of sending 2500 soldiers, said to be well armed and tolerably trained, to assist its Honduran ally. At the hour when we write, the Caribbean port of Truxillo and many other Honduran towns of more or less importance are in the hands of the Nicaraguan invaders, and the capital, Tegucigalpa, is expected to fall from day to day. The outcome of the contest surprises many persons, because, on the face of things, Nicaragua seems to be fighting against great odds, in respect both of population and wealth. According to the latest estimates, the population of Nicaragua does not much exceed 428,000, whereas that of Honduras is over 500,000, and that of Salvador more than a million. In 1903, the latest year for which fiscal statistics are at hand, the foreign trade (exports and imports) of Nicaragua fell short of $5,600,000, whereas that of Honduras was about $4,350,000, and that of Salvador more than $8,750,000. The disproportion is signal and naturally would be decisive. Nevertheless, the Nicaraguan army, small as it must be, seems capable of conquering both of its present opponents. It might not find it so easy to deal with Guatemala, which has nearly 2,000,000 inhabitants, and a foreign trade of over $12,250,000. Our own relation to the conflict is evidently twofold: first, we cannot permit the property of American sojourners in Honduras—there are many of these—to be confiscated or damaged by Nicaraguan invaders; secondly, as proponents of the Monroe Doctrine, we are equally bound to protect the property of the subjects of European States in the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

same Central American republic. If we do not afford such protection, European powers will have a right to intervene on behalf of their injured subjects, just as Great Britain intervened during Cleveland's administration, when she took possession of Nicaragua's Pacific seaport, Corinto. We desire to avert, if possible, any pretext for a repetition of that performance, or of that blockade of Venezuelan seaports which took place in 1902. There is only one way, however, of averting European interposition, and that is to interpose ourselves, though it is probable that in this instance Mexico will be invited to act conjointly with us. The cooperation of Mexico would serve to allay jealousy or suspicion on the part of the South American commonwealths, which Secretary Root took so much pains to conciliate.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE EDITOR'S DIARY.

FRIDAY, *March 29.* A Few Answers to Correspondents.

SPEAKING broadly and with due reservation for specific instances, we attach little importance to the opinions of others; and yet we often find an odd fascination in the faulty expression of keen American minds. Our present Chief Magistrate has such an one—and, pray, where else could be found a more fruitful source of speculative consideration? No other people compound in such exquisite proportions the folly and wisdom, the theory and practice, apparently paradoxical, of which, for example, he is now the most sentient embodiment. Interestingly, however, whether happily or not, our most conspicuous exemplar is by no means singular or even peculiar. The trait is characteristic of Americans—comparatively new, measurably raw and, though often specious, almost invariably purposeful. A few illustrations will, with more or less adequacy, point our meaning. In the conscientious Baptist "Watchman," published in Boston and received this morning, we find the following editorial, to which we take the liberty of affixing certain brief annotations as indicated in the following manner:

"For many years the editor of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW was to the general public a great unknown. Obscurely ensconced in a remote somewhere, a wise and autocratic incognito directed the literary course of the great monthly journal. Even when the name appeared on the cover, it seemed hardly to denote a real and definite personality, but rather a shadowy, not to say ghostly, guiding force which sometimes caused articles to be sent back to agonized authors, and sometimes printed them. But since the dignified monthly became a sprightly bi-weekly, and the editor has begun the publication of his 'Diary,' he has assumed the form and substance of corporeal reality. Not yet, however, has he lost the aspect of an enigma. (*a*) The same name remains, but is it the same being? (*b*) Is the zealous advocate of Esperanto identical with the stately phantom which conducted the former

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

awe-inspiring REVIEW? (*c*) Is the shade who was once so solemn become the promoter of the cause of female suffrage? (*d*) Is he serious in pushing the franchise for women, or is it only a part of his scheme for the taxation of spinsters, and because he does not believe in taxation without representation? (*e*) Is he really in earnest in asserting that every woman can marry properly if she will, but that every man cannot do so, because sometimes the woman he wants will not have him? (*f*) Has he forgotten that vital statistics show an excess of women over men in all civilized countries? (*g*) Would he have the excess of women, after all the men in the civilized world are married, go to Central Africa for husbands or be taxed for remaining spinsters? (*h*) Is he solemnly serious in believing that bachelors should not be taxed as well as spinsters? (*i*) Finally and most anxiously—shall we ever know?"

(*a, b, c*) Ignoring the somewhat flippant and, as yet, inexact, use of the terms "shade" and "phantom," we are constrained to admit the identity suggested.

(*d, e*) Yes.

(*f*) No; but it is woman's fault that there is an excess of her kind in the civilized world. Science clearly demonstrates the feasibility, though not so plainly the desirability, of even adjustment of the sexes in the propagation of the human species. Ploss, in his well-known "*Ueber die das Geschlechtsverhältniss der Kinder bedingenden Ursachen*," Düsing, in his painstaking "*Die Regulirung des Geschlechtsverhältnisses bei der Vermehrung der Menschen, Thiere und Pflanzen*," and Westermarck, in his "History of Human Marriage," prove conclusively, from close study of actual experimentation, that the sex of the child is largely fixed by the quantity and quality of nutrition absorbed by the mother. Professor Thomas leaves no room for doubt that, as a rule, rich diet produces girls and poor diet boys; hence the excess of the former in cities and of the latter in country districts, where meat and other rich foods are rare. The further fact that ethnologists, and such trained observers as James Fergusson, agree that polyandry is found only in poor countries, where good food and women are scarce, confirms the theory, to say nothing of the illuminating experiments noted by Professor Thomas of Klebs on plants, Seibold on wasps and Yung on tadpoles. We must conclude, therefore, that the excess of females complained of—though why, we cannot understand—is due to their own ignorance or self-indulgence. The fault is gradually being remedied by a growing ambition on the part of women ap-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

proaching middle age to retain gracefulness of physical appearance; but, unfortunately, that is the time when their minds cease to be troubled by considerations respecting the sex of progeny. In any case, however, we maintain that the direct responsibility for the unfair competition engendered by birth is definitely fixed by science upon the competitors themselves—especially since the necessity of providing spiritual and material luxuries so completely occupies the attention of Providence and man.

(*g*) A few might remain.

(*h*) Why not?

(*i*) We furnish ideas, not understanding.

"SIR,—When reading the article in your 'Diary' on 'Why Bachelors Should Not be Taxed,' which appeared in a recent issue of the REVIEW, I was somewhat amused at the conclusion drawn from the census figures quoted, and regarded it as part of the humor of the subject; but, when I see one of your readers flatteringly writing you that 'your facts are correct and your figures true,' I feel impelled to let you know that at least one of your readers, while admitting the accuracy of your figures, disputes the correctness of the statement that they show a greater 'hazard of matrimony' for men than for women. You have taken figures which prove the constancy of woman, and have used them to her detriment.

"The census enumerator inquired of each person whether he was single, married, widowed, or divorced. No effort was made to ascertain the number of times married, the inquiry being limited to the conjugal condition on June 1st, 1900. Therefore, the excess of widows over widowers and of divorced women over divorced men in 1900 does not indicate a greater 'hazard of matrimony' for men than for women, but only shows that a greater number of widowed and divorced men remarry than widowed and divorced women. In the case of widowers, this is doubtless due to the predominance of the sense of personal comfort over sentiment, and in the case of divorced men to their belief that it is better to take another chance of being unhappily married than not to be married at all.

"While constancy might not be accepted as a good reason for divorced women not remarrying, perhaps the following figures, taken from the report on marriage and divorce issued by the Department of Labor in 1889, can be: The number of divorces granted in the United States during the twenty years from 1867 to 1886 was 328,716, of which number 216,176 were granted to the wife and 112,540 to the husband.

"I fear that, so long as men arrive at such erroneous conclusions, women will fail to see the advantage of studying any system of reasoning. I am, sir, etc., R. M. O.

"WASHINGTON, D. C."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Figures often prevaricate; the disparity between the number of divorces granted to men and those accorded to women is doubtless fully accounted for by the silly American custom which practically compels the man to accept the nominal responsibility.

"SIR,—I wish to take you to task for your assertion that spinsterhood is a voluntary state, as no record has ever been made to the contrary. Now, you know perfectly well that many women who are unmarried to-day never had the ghost of a chance to marry *anybody*. It is nonsense to say that every girl has a chance in her life; that is only a way of consoling us; nobody believes it. It is environment or circumstances that give a woman a chance to get married; the same woman in one circle will have a dozen opportunities to none at all in another circle. The poor things think they are to blame because they lack proposals; so they keep it dark and pretend they have had a chance. Consequently, it is manifestly unfair to make any inference from that statement. If you have never had a woman tell you she has never had a proposal, you can hear it now. I never have. Is that authentic? Would you like me to swear to it before witnesses? I am willing. Please be careful how you talk about spinsters in future.

"I am, sir, etc.,

MARTHA WAGNER.

"KINGSESSING P. O., PHILADELPHIA."

The least we can do is to note the apparent lack of discerning appreciation or courage on the part of the male residents of Kingsessing, and to tender assurances of condolence to Miss— or should we by chance say Mrs.?—Wagner.

"SIR,—Referring to the editorial, 'Is God Omnipotent?' it is evident that the writer's comprehension of God does not embrace anything higher than this physical plane of existence. And this comprehension of the physical existence is still further limited by a misunderstanding of the nature of man, and of the relations existing between man and man: from which we reason up to the relations existing between man and God.

"Every man stands upon his own resources, acts from his own inward motives, and is responsible for the results that follow his action. You know this as well as you know you are alive; but—you fall down when you are called upon to assume that responsibility. You *cannot* blot out the fact that you *do* act and think for yourself, and from your own self-directed motives. But, by the injection of the idea that 'there is no God,' you imagine that you have destroyed the ideas of responsibility and obligation to God or man.

"To consign God to the condition of humanity is to say that 'there is no God,' or, as I read the other day, 'man is his own God.'

"Taking away man's responsibility for his actions—man's accounta-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bility to the God who made him—and, finally, doing away with God altogether, establishes the wisdom of Solomon, who said, 'A fool's mouth is his destruction, and his lips are the snare of his soul.'

"Further, to make the Creator of all things 'only a man' does not remove any of the crime, misery, suffering and desolation from the lives of men; does not make man any the less responsible for them, nor does it place the responsibility for them upon God. Whatever one man may do, voluntarily, as his own self-expression, cannot be laid to another man's account. So, what men do in transgressing natural and spiritual law, or bring upon themselves by their own self-determined rejection of spiritual forces, cannot justly or truthfully be laid upon God's hands.

"The infidel, scoffer, reviler and denier of God does not want, nor *intend*, to be satisfied with *any* explanation, or the solution of any of the problems of life that does not exonerate him from *all* blame for the wrongs they deal with. He does not seek to straighten out the paths men walk in, or to lift a single burden from heavy-laden souls. His one purpose is to lay the blame for all of man's troubles upon God. He says: 'God does not exist. If He exists, He is impotent to help man, is Himself responsible for all the ills man is subject to, and there is no obligation resting upon man to do other than he does do.'

"What a curious mixture. A God, yet not a God. Possessing human characteristics in infinite extension, yet failing in wisdom, knowledge and power of execution. A God who, by virtue of being God, *ought* to possess all human excellencies in their highest degree, but does *not* possess them, because, forsooth, man deliberately engages in all manner of wickednesses, and *has* to suffer for so doing. God, if there is one, ought (?) to prevent man from doing such things, and would (?) do so *if He could*. He does not restrain man from committing these transgressions, is not therefore omnipotent, and *is not God*.

"What a wonderfully happy solution of the problems of life! Man *is*, but God *is not*. There are no God-made laws; man is a law unto himself; man is his own God. Man is under no obligation, is not responsible or accountable to either God or man.

"Surely, 'The lips of a fool will swallow him up,' and 'The snare of the wicked is in the transgression of his lips.'

"I am, sir, etc.,

GEORGE WOODS.

"LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA."

We are unable to determine whether our esteemed correspondent, in referring to "the infidel, scoffer, reviler and denier of God," invites a personal application; perhaps, however, speculation upon the point may be regarded as unnecessary. What, we wonder, is the true actuating motive of his daily supplication—love to obey, vague apprehension or the quite common sentiment, felt though seldom expressed, that, since an occasional appeal to a mysterious

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Being for mercy surely can result in no harm, it would be the part of unwisdom to take chances so easily avoided. Even little Elizabeth Barrett invariably said "Now I lay me" before repeating her famous "O God, if there be a God, save my soul, if I have a soul!"

"SIR,—You have evidently entirely failed to grasp the distinction pointed out in my letter published in your March 1st issue. It distinguished reasons rather than effects.

"If a transfer of power from one department of government to another is *in itself* an infringement of personal liberty, then such change, whatever the power transferred, is objectionable. If it is not in itself such infringement, then it may or may not be harmful, according to what power it is. The *effect*, in either case, is what we must seek to discover; but, as reasonable beings, we should arrive at a conclusion only after an examination of reasons; hence the necessity of clearly distinguishing between them.

"I think you will agree with me that no such change of powers, if made in the manner provided by the Constitution, is *per se* objectionable. And, at any rate, I agree with you that any such change, if made by judicial construction (as that term seems to have been used by the Secretary of State), or by executive usurpation, is hazardous to the liberty of the individual. It is an old maxim that 'hard cases make bad law.' For a similar reason it may be said that popular Presidents make bad precedents.

"Perhaps it is unnecessary to add that my statement, upon which you so kindly exercised your 'charity,' referred to the fact that, while the demarcation in our Constitution between executive, legislative and judicial powers was due to theory, the separation in that instrument into State and Federal governments was the result of conditions. It would ill become one, however, who has so often smiled, even though with regret, when you have gleefully sacrificed a serious discussion on the altar of sarcastic misconstruction, to object when he is himself the object of attack. I am, sir, etc.,

GEORGE B. KEELER.

"BROOKLYN, NEW YORK."

We are often misunderstood.

"SIR,—I have been interested in your thought-provoking entry for Wednesday, January 23rd, in the 'Editor's Diary' of the REVIEW, entitled 'Is God Omnipotent?'

"I have no space for speaking of my attitude in regard to the 'new theology that is making such headway in England,' nor do I care to make any statements regarding how fear and love should find places in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

our view of God. With your statement that 'God is not omnipotent' I must disagree.

"You base your argument mainly on two statements: God permits those who love Him to suffer on account of sin; and God in Himself is as yet incomplete and depending on human help.

"I choose to consider the second of these statements first. It is a high compliment that God has paid to man, His creation, by inviting his help in the conquest of this world for righteousness. God has chosen to overcome evil in this way, and will eventually so triumph. But, since God is the Creator of the very helper upon whom He chooses to depend, does that make Him less than omnipotent? If with my hands I am unable to do as skilful work as that which I can perform with a machine of my invention, does that make me less powerful? God did not lessen His power when he made man, but simply created a new channel through which to work for His own glory and for the happiness of His creation. God and men together shall conquer in the war with wrong, we believe, but God is omnipotent.

"I shall not attempt to answer a question that has been puzzling the world for ages—the question of the existence of sin in the world; but I am also sure that I shall not venture to settle that question by robbing the Almighty of any of His power. I am also free to say that, were I to choose, I would rather have character by being placed in a position where I might sin, and would not, than be an innocent, characterless person ordered by the Almighty incapable of sin. God recognized this fact in the old story of the creation by inviting to character-building those whom He had placed in a position where choice and will determined their destiny.

"Where such a possibility exists and sin is chosen, the consequences are terrible. If man is given the high honor of being God's co-helper, he must of necessity have great power to oppose the Almighty, and hence arises the result of sin. If you curtail God's omnipotence by giving more of His power to men, you must expect men to suffer if that great power is misused.

"If you will pardon my taking exception to your statements further, I shall say that the inscrutable ways of Providence argue not against God's power and love, for I am aware that some of life's finest emotions are among those things that the plain reason cannot fathom. I am glad that the child's love for its parent is above reason; I am glad that patriotism is above reason; I am glad that God's plan is above mere reason, for if it were not that would be a sure proof of His omnipotence's being a false doctrine—and men, when once omnipotent, would be lacking a greater Being to worship and adore.

"I am, sir, etc., FRANK D. SLUTZ.

"PUEBLO, COLORADO."

"SIR,—Among other unkind things which you have written about old maids, you say that we deliberately refuse to accept the lot which Nature has ordained and fitted us to fulfil.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I am one of the old maids who have never had an offer of marriage —not even a shadow of a chance. I am afraid that, if I had ever had an opportunity, I should have accepted a very ordinary man if he had been good and honest, for I should have hoped that my children, by some happy chance, might have inherited my father's noble heart and brain; but I have never pleased even a common man, though I was called pretty when I was young, and I have an average amount of understanding.

"I am a teacher of little children; and, though I can never do for them all I have longed to do, I think it cruel to be told that such efforts are useless.

"When my father died I went at once to teaching; and I have observed that, when a woman of my class shows that she is able to bear burdens and help in the support of younger brothers and sisters, she is allowed, by your sex, to continue doing so. My case is like that of many whom I have known, and I am hurt for us all.

"This letter is not written for publication, but I would like to have you tell those who are situated as I am why we should be blamed for simply existing and doing what seems to be our duty.

"I am, sir, etc., A. H. M.

"CLEVELAND, OHIO."

We have never spoken unkindly of old maids; we have merely insisted, and we still insist, that they should vote, pay taxes—and marry, as they can invariably if enterprising and not too particular; the idea of waiting for or even seeking a man recognized as both "good" and "honest" is provocative of mirth among those of us who are acquainted with the male sex.

"SIR,—It is too bad that you should publish editorials like the one on 'Existence in a Great City'; and yet, as we sat at breakfast this morning, a friend was regretting so much low-spiritedness among her friends. She named over about sixty, and called off the bright ones. There were but four of them. I reminded her that each strong person had to carry about a dozen weak ones; and, as she had not named herself among the bright ones, the proportion was about right. It must be hard to sit in your sanctum sanctorum, day after day, remembering the many lovely things there are far away in the country, where the birds sing and frogs croak, just as they did when you were a boy; how the weeds grow as high as your head! and the rabbits hide in them as of yore; the fruit is as red and juicy as ever, and, if stolen, as sweet; the sun sets in the same mellow haze; the twilight and call of love are just what they were.

"I live there. My home is among forest trees. Chestnut, oak, beech, maple and dogwood grow around my dwelling. No one is allowed to kill or throw stones at the birds, and they pay us for their undisturbed life in song and trustfulness.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"So, when I read an article like that, it is impossible not to feel for those it is about, and wish there were some way in which men might live without crowding into a tenth of the space they should occupy.

"But, after all, it may not be the crowding, the great city, that makes the discontent. As I watch the faces of my friends, there is much the same expression on them as you see on those in your city. All are strained to catch something not quite within hearing, just out of sight. And I think it is something better, higher, more beautiful they are trying to get. Men risk life and limb everywhere trying to make those they love happy, and we all know that discontent, rightly guided, leads to greater endeavor and is sure to be the means of producing better things.

"I work in town, but for many years went to sea, and the ocean, with its beauties, taught me many things which are a source of health and buoyancy to me, and of more help than I can tell. One thing I learned: the roughness caused by the buffeting of to-day may be followed by calm and placidity to-morrow; but there is little gain in life's voyage without opportunity to struggle.

"I am much pleased when you have such articles as that of February 1st, which has called forth so many letters. Not that I at all agree with it; whether I do is beside the mark—but it induces people to think and weans them from themselves.

"I am, sir, etc., TALBOT JONES.

"BALTIMORE, MARYLAND."

SATURDAY, *March 30.* "The Turn of the Balance."

THERE is now and then a book which, the reader feels, is rather a public event than a literary event, no matter what its literary importance may be, and such a book is the latest fiction from the pen of Mr. Brand Whitlock, the Mayor of Toledo, and the like-minded successor of the uncommon man known in life as "Golden Rule Jones." A literary mayor is no such exception to the ordinary mayor that we need greatly wonder at him; we have such a mayor in New York, whose study of "The Oligarchy of Venice" is of perhaps even more value than his study of street-cleaning, or seems at least the effect of a greater devotion to the subject. But the mayor of Toledo is a lawyer of such proved ability that he obliged the State of Ohio, through suits in the courts, to revise its entire legislation on a point of municipal government, and a politician of such practical wisdom that he carried his election against the united strength of both great parties and all the great interests, and is not merely the author of a political novel which two Presidents of the United States have pronounced the best American novel of its kind. He has, therefore, a sort of right,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

as he has unquestionably the courage, to accuse the nature as well as the fact of our criminal administration, and this he has done in "The Turn of the Balance," a book which for the present, at any rate, distinguishes him among literary mayors.

His method is as far as may be from muck-raking. He does not find men worse than their system, but mostly better; even the criminals seem to him better than their system, though he does not romance them; and as for the prosecutors and judges and jurors and wardens and executioners, he does not apparently wish to expose any of them to public execration in their personal quality, or to drive them from the places which the like average of men would promptly fill. But, as the administrators of the law are in power, he would apparently have them recognize their inalienable personal relation to the subjects of the law. He denies, unless we are reading into his accusation something not specifically phrased there, that they have, or can have, no official relation to their fellow men which will exempt them from personal responsibility; and perhaps, though here again he is not specific, he feels the ludicrous disproportion of the penalties to the offences which no one can sit through a session of any criminal court and not recognize with amazement. Just what he would have done practically at any moment he does not say. He does not say just how he would have the police officers or the justices at the police courts of Toledo behave with regard to offenders taken in crime; and we have no means of knowing how far his own official actions can be made to square with his personal convictions. Possibly he believes that as a novelist his affair is to make his reader feel and think about the matters he touches, and resolve each one to try for something better than our actual system, if it is as black as he has painted it.

That he has painted it very black there can be no doubt. Since the lamented Frank Norris's "Octopus," there has been no such terrible presentation of conditions as in "The Turn of the Balance." The effect of the picture is as broad as if a few strokes had done it, but if you come nearer, you perceive that there is a multiplicity of details contributing to this effect, in which nothing seems forgotten. We could not recommend the book to the reader who likes to be amused; for, whether he is finally able to revolt and declare the illusion a delusion or not, he will find himself caught in the clutch of an interest that will not loose him

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

till the last word; and unless he can amuse himself with events of crime and shame and cruelty such as the newspapers daily report, set in a new and unsparing light, his mind will not have been "taken off itself," as it would be in a comedy at the theatre, or in a good old-fashioned love-story. There is a love-story, indeed, in the book, but it is subordinated to the general human or inhuman interest, as love-stories seem mostly to be in life. The right people marry, but their marrying is never the main question, which the good ending will not save the reader from. Sociologically, the book is another answer to the question which has been repeating itself from age to age in some form ever since one man first put himself in another's place. Revolutions seem to answer it; reactions seem to answer it; elections seem to answer it; revivals of religion seem to answer it. But the old unanswered stupid misery, which seems so remediable, still asks to be remedied; and in some kind, always, some one is trying to answer it. The Mayor of Toledo is the latest to make the attempt. But perhaps there is something mystical in the misery always crying to us which forbids him to be categorical in his reply.

MONDAY, *April 1*. The Uses of Esperanto.

AMONG the most suggestive of many letters we have received concerning Esperanto is one from Mr. Louis H. Aymé, American Consul-General at Lisbon. Mr. Aymé's post is such as to enable him to see the utility of Esperanto with peculiar clearness. He is Consul in a country speaking one of the less-known Latin tongues and, besides, he is interested in the work of the Young Men's Christian Association, which is international in scope.

"Some months ago," Mr. Aymé writes from Lisbon, "the Secretary of the International Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association called here, and I suggested to him that his organization might become a powerful factor in spreading the new language. The secretary of the local branch was present, and eagerly embraced the idea. Several classes have been formed, and are actively studying. I am aiding so far as I can." A society has been formed and groups are being established in the various cities, and from remote Portugal come numerous applications for membership in the Esperanto Society organized by the REVIEW.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In short, the Portuguese see clearly the great advantage of a neutral medium of communication which would bring their country in closer touch, scientifically, commercially, and in other relations, with the rest of humanity. "Why," we are asked, "should the Bureau of American Republics not publish its reports in Esperanto?" Why should not the American museums and the various National Manufacturers' Associations, as well as other similar bodies, recommend the publication by would-be exporters of their catalogues, price-lists and other foreign advertising in Esperanto, with the vocabulary and a few rules embodied in each document? And there are scores of similar uses for Esperanto suggested. We, for our part, cannot help feeling that before long all of these possibilities will become realities. The many hundreds of inquiries we have received and answered in the past three months prove that the want of such a medium as Esperanto is keenly felt. A few days ago the entire staff of one bureau of the Department of Commerce and Labor formed an Esperanto club and joined the Esperanto Society. From all parts of the Union, from Mexico, and from South America we receive letters of inquiry and encouragement. Many scientific and other national bodies have already communicated with us concerning Esperanto. We heartily invite all such communications and cheerfully offer our cooperation in extending this movement toward a universal understanding. And the approaching Peace Congress at New York would, in our opinion, take a great step in the right direction if during its coming session it were to adopt Esperanto—one of the surest aids in the promotion of international peace and brotherhood.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED